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THE

MINISTRY OF ART.

BY

FRANK MILTON BRISTOL.

CINCINNATI: CURTS & JENNINGS.
NEW YORK: EATON & MAINS.
1897.

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THE YOUNG PEOPLE

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PREFACE.

THESE chapters aim to show how art may be employed to useful ends in ministering to the pleasure, refinement, and education of man. "A thing of beauty" is not only "a joy forever," though that were quite enough to demonstrate its utility, but it is also one of the most practical agencies in the promotion of taste, knowledge, virtue, manners, and the love of nature.

The ethics of art, and the relation of the idea of beauty to the development of literature and religion, and even to the formation of character and the enjoyment of life, open a wide field for delightful study.

Without pretending to command a technical phraseology, the author begs leave to introduce the reader to themes which will themselves invite the beauty-loving mind to still more enjoyable and more learned investigation.

F. M. B.

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I.

The Utility of Art.

REMBRANDT'S MONUMENT, AMSTERDAM. (WOOD ENGRAVING.)

THE MINISTRY OF ART.

I.

HUMAN nature demands thousands of beneficent ministries. Man does not live by bread alone, nor by machines alone. Although an age may affect utilitarianism, it must repudiate the shallow philosophy which pretends to find utility only in the physical and the scientific. There are times when society needs nothing else so much as it needs ideals; ideals that have no place in the sordid materialism which assumes that to "eat and drink" is the aim and end of intelligent, no less than unintelligent being. To treat this world as a mere physical machine, and man as a wheel or cog of the machine, is to blight all aspiration, and obstruct the many avenues through which the world pours its richest tributes into human life. The material world is not the only world. Science is not the only

minister to human necessity. Physical utility is not the only standard of good and of value. Any form or force, influence or sentiment, mode of life or order of being that comes to man with a gift of benefit and enjoyment, has a utility, be it a book, a flower, a machine, a song, or a picture.

It is quite evident, even from the most practical point of view, that utility in the highest sense may as truly be ascribed to anything that ministers to the refinement and education of the mind as to anything that ministers to the nourishment and comfort of the body. Poetry may be quite as utilitarian as food, music as practical as raiment, and art as useful as a mechanical invention.

Beauty has many forms, both in nature and in the realm of art. By all its manifestations it would serve the mind and life of man. In nature the Divine Mind has given manifold and infinitely varied expressions to the idea of beauty. Call it what we will,—a law, a principle, or an idea,—beauty finds embodiment in the forms, colors, and relations of the material world; in the foliaged tree, the petaled flower, the sparkling gem, the glistening star;

in cloud forms and sunset splendors; in mineral crystals and the slopes of the everlasting hills; in the flight of the bird, the motion of a serpent, the spots of the leopard, the colors of the insect's wing, the grace and hues of the rainbow, the noble presence and carriage of man—in ten thousand objects making up the world in which we live.

The poet-philosopher of the Hebrews finds that God hath made everything beautiful in his time. Schopenhauer borrows the idea from Solomon when he says: "Everything that is natural is beautiful." This beauty in all things reveals itself to penetrating minds. The soul of things appeals through all this form and color and tone to the spirit which is in man. He who has eyes to see, and ears to hear, and a heart to feel must be ever sensitive to the spiritualities living in the heart of the great world. Beauty incarnating itself, taking on form and substance in nature, is an emanation of the Divine Spirit, and a proof that back of all appearances are the infinite attributes orbing themselves in Divine personality—God.

When man attempts by any work of his own brain and hand to set forth this principle

of beauty which he is gifted to apprehend, we call the result Art. It is not extravagant to affirm that man is a natural artist, an artist by instinct and constitution. His love of the beautiful is as truly innate as his ideas of number, space, and time. And this love is his inspiration to the creation or expression of beauty. In art, man becomes an image of his Maker. He would therein reproduce what the Infinite Mind has produced in nature.

The art sentiment, like the religious instinct, is as universal as human intelligence. Savagery can not sink below it, nor can civilization rise above it. No condition of ignorance or of education can eliminate it from the life and nature of man. The untutored savage who fantastically decorates his body, paints his tent, dyes with various colors his garments, or gives grotesque fashion to his idol, is as truly endowed with the universal art-feeling as the genius that creates a Parthenon, frescoes a Sistine Chapel, or paints a "Transfiguration." There is in man's nature something to which art makes an irresistible appeal. We have mental, if not moral, demands which art alone can meet, just as there

is within our human intelligence that to which only poetry, music, or religion can appeal and minister. Truth is essentially one, though it assumes many forms. Science, nature, music, poetry, art, and religion are but different keys of the infinite organ of truth. A psalm, a flower, or a picture, is a partial expression, revelation, or interpretation of something even greater than itself, of something greater than ourselves—even the true, the ideal, and, relatively, the divine.

Art, as a form of truth, an interpretation of the beautiful, or a symbol of the spiritual and the divine, has always had a place and power among men. The art of a people, no less than their literature, science, law, and ethics, is an index of their culture, since it is a sincere expression of their taste and aspiration, the embodiment of their ideals. Moreover, as art is an index and manifestation of a people's love for the beautiful, so is it also one of the most effectual mediums of enlightenment, one of the most powerful promoters of refined taste, pure thought, and elegant manners. The art of Greece, no less than her literature; the works of Phidias, Apelles, and

Praxiteles, no less than the epics of Homer, the dialogues of Plato, and the tragedies of Æschylus, were the measure of the greatness and splendor of Grecian civilization. Whether we study the progressive development of ancient or of modern peoples—of the Assyrians, Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans, or of the Italians, Spaniards, French, Germans, Dutch, and English—we shall find their art forever indicating their mental and moral, and even their social and political, tendencies as clearly and positively as do their science, their laws, and their letters.

Art comes to man with a ministry of truth and joy.

The power of art is the power of the beautiful; but the philosophy of the power of the beautiful is not easily understood. Poets and artists, musicians and naturalists, prophets and sages, have been the faithful apostles and exponents of the beautiful without fully comprehending its nature, as men have preached God, the Infinite, without knowing him to perfection. The world's philosophers, however, have given us some very worthy and inspiring ideas of the nature and mission of beauty. Ruskin

(and, if we may claim that Plato's "absolute beauty" was spiritual and personal, then the "divine" Plato, with Ruskin) makes all beauty typical of Divine attributes, an emanation of spiritual beauty, a symbol and expression of it. Hegel puts an "idea" into every form, and represents beauty as the shining forth of that "idea" through a sensuous medium. Kant teaches that the highest meaning of beauty is the emblem of moral good, and Socrates that nothing is beautiful which is not good, and nothing good but what is at the same time beautiful. Herder and Plato advance the doctrine that the beautiful carries with it the idea of perfection. If we claim that art is an interpretation of nature, we do not find ourselves in conflict with Goethe's statement, that beauty is both the final principle and the highest aim of art, and that it interprets nature for no other purpose than more fully to open our eyes to what is therein beautiful, perfect, and thus, most truly symbolic of the Divine.

Victor Hugo writes most reasonably: "We speak of art as we speak of nature. Here are two terms of almost indeterminate meaning; to pronounce the one or the other of these

words—Nature, Art—is to make a conjuration, to call forth the ideal from the deep, to draw aside one of the two great curtains of the Divine creation. God manifests himself to us in the first degree through the life of the universe, and in the second through the thoughts of men. The second manifestation is not less holy than the first. The first is named Nature; the second is named Art."

When we agree with Hugo in saying, "Art is the second branch of nature," or "Art is as natural as nature," we must understand that art is not so much a mechanical copy of nature as an intellectual and spiritual interpretation of it. It is both less and more than nature itself—less, in that it lacks the subtle element and beauty-creating principle of life; more, in that it possesses the feeling, imagination, and poetry, with which man looks upon and enjoys nature. Art is a mingling of nature and of human nature, of thought and form, of imagination and appearances. When Robert Burns said, "Painters and poets have liberty to lie," he should have meant, if he did not, that Art and Poetry have the right to discover and reveal in the language of

beauty the more subtle, exquisite, and profound meanings of nature, those meanings which are there, but which only the poet or artist sees. This idea is conveyed in the words of Lamartine: "An artist should have more than two eyes." When a would-be critic said of one of Turner's glowing pictures, "I never saw a sun-rising like that," with a quietness rather unusual with him, Turner responded, "No, and you never will." Turner had more than two eyes; he had an inner eye, the eye of imagination. The critic had but two, and they were very poor eyes at that.

Keats would have the artistic form, the Grecian Urn, say to every eye and every soul:

"Beauty is truth; truth, beauty."

Channing advances the notion that beauty is the garb of truth; "the greatest truths are wronged if not linked with beauty: and they win their way most surely and deeply into the soul when arrayed in this, their natural and fit attire." Schiller goes even farther than Keats or Channing in identifying truth with beauty: "I wish some one would try to banish the notion and even the word *beauty* from use,

and as is right put *truth* in its most complete sense in its place."

It may not be possible for us to accept, without qualification, Browning's notion, though it be the conception of a beauty-loving, poetic mind:

> "It is the glory and good of art
> That art remains the one way possible
> Of speaking truth."

A way of speaking truth, be it admitted. The only way? That challenges reflection, if not denial. But that were enough to ask of art—*the way of speaking truth.* How grand and noble its mission!

Thus we have the varying yet similar notions of Beauty and Art. They are truth, or they are the garments in which truth would array itself, or they are the expression of truth, of the good, whether in the mode of painting, music, poetry, eloquence, sculpture, or architecture. If a thing of beauty were but a *joy* forever, how high and invaluable would its ministry be! To fill the mind with holy pleasure, noble thoughts, and divine aspirings is a ministry exalted as any that can

engage angelic influences. If it be true, it is of infinite moment to this life that Beauty's

"Loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us; and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.
Therefore on every morrow are we wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and overdarken'd ways
Made for our searching: yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits."

Our ambitious, hurrying American life needs the restful, gentle, and refining ministry of art. The most nervous nation in the world has of all peoples known least of this particular form of beauty's influence. If, as has been found, beautiful pictures exercise a most benign influence over shattered minds, and if they have been introduced into sanitariums to minister, with their subtle, exquisite power, to minds disordered, to nerves unstrung, why should not the Beautiful act as a preventive no less powerfully than as a cure? If our homes and our lives were more completely

influenced by the beautiful, surrounded by the beautiful of nature, and filled and environed by the beautiful in art, we should become a calmer, more deliberate, rational, and happy people. To minister pleasure, to educate the taste, to refine the imagination, purify the feeling, and add gentleness to the nature would seem to constitute a usefulness of influence beyond our power to estimate or to criticise.

Art interprets Nature.

Art and Poetry have rivaled science and philosophy in opening to the thought of man the true glories of nature. The artists and poets have certainly been as devout students of the material universe as the naturalists. Nay, they have seen what the botanists, geologists, biologists, and astronomers have often failed to see.

When Pope, with his poetic feeling and his more than two-eyed power of vision, says:

"All nature is but art unknown to thee,"

we are ready to believe that in her sweet ministry of beauty human art comes to acquaint us with this *unknown art* of nature, this art

which we have not the eyes to discover, but which the artist must discover for us. Young, somewhat more devout than Pope, writes:

"The course of nature is the *art of God.*"

To reveal that "art of God," the painter, sculptor, or poet may come to us with methods as legitimate, reasonable, and instructive as the scientist's or the philosopher's.

Many a person goes through the world blindly until art opens his eyes to the glories of nature. It is quite amusing to find how little the average man sees of the beauty of the world. Very few will be able to define the color of the distant mountain, the forms of the clouds, or the motion and color of ocean waves. Just how a tree appears at a distance, few really knew until Corot and Rousseau began to paint trees and their foliage. Barye in his bronzes, Delacroix in his paintings, and Van Muyden in his etchings, have taught us more of the traits and characteristics of the lions and tigers than we could ever learn in the zoological garden. If Monet and the other impressionists, yes, and old Turner, have done

no more for us, they have at least taught us to see what we may call atmospheric colors. Exaggerations they may be guilty of, but after studying their pictures one goes forth to look out upon the everlasting hills, out into the rich, voluptuous summers, out upon the infinite stretch of lake and sky, there to see, as he never saw before, a multiplicity of colors—pinks and blues and greens and all their gradations and modulations—and behold: he finds his eye has been educated to see—to see nature as it is.

After Troyon, Jacque, Mauve, Rosa Bonheur, and William Maris have painted cattle and sheep in a landscape, and have called our attention to the fact, we can see that there is a beauty in the beasts of the field, which, without this artistic suggestion and interpretation, men would pass by without a thought. Henceforth we can not look upon a flock of sheep, or upon cattle grazing in the meadows, or lolling in the shade of the trees, without feeling the beauty of it, and saying, mentally at least, "Ah! there is a picture." Thus all the forms of nature by Art's kind ministry become

pictures to us, they in themselves become art—the art of God.

Art ministers to patriotism.

A people takes pride in the national genius. Let the beauty of the country be beyond all praise or parallel, yet it is more natural for a nation to boast of its intellectual achievements than of its material resources or natural attractions. What are the character and history of the Nation's arms? What songs have its poets sung? Of what a literature may it boast? How great are its schools? How rich are its museums? How splendid are its galleries? Of what triumph in architecture is it proud? What pictures there do nations make pilgrimages to see? What generals, statesmen, poets, orators, inventors, musicians, artists, has the country produced? It is no mean boast for the Italian to say, "Raphael, Angelo, Titian, were Italians." It should make a Frenchman's blood tingle with holy pride to say, "Claude Lorraine, Poussin, Millet, Corot, and Meissonier were Frenchmen." Every Englishman is glad to own, not only that

"Chatham's language was his mother tongue,
And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his own,"

but also that Hogarth, Reynolds, Turner, Constable, Wilson, Lawrence, and Gainsborough were Englishmen.

But in another sense art ministers to patriotism, by teaching the generations as they rise the glory of the country's history, and the greatness of the national heroes. Wherever, on glowing canvas and enduring marble and gleaming bronze, art tells the story of those events which mark the victories of freedom and the progressive movement of a people toward light and happiness it becomes an educator. The story, so eloquently told, inspires the youth with ambition to emulate the character and achievements of the good and great. The ancients understood this well, and made art contribute to patriotism in the pictures, statues, tombs, and temples that commemorated events of which the State was proud, and that kept in eternal and honorable memory the names of men who had contributed splendor to their political, military, and intellectual history. In nothing is one more profoundly impressed with the writings of Pausanias than in his descriptions of those monuments of

Greek art which he found in many parts of the Peloponnesus when he made a tour of the region, about the year 177 of the Christian era. He saw beautiful statues on every hand in the cites, along the country roads, in the forests and the mountains. How those classic regions, and Attica in particular, fairly thronged with paintings and frescoes, with marble, brass, and even gold and silver statues, not only of the gods and goddesses of the Greek Pantheon, but also of the musicians, poets, philosophers, artists, physicians, and military heroes who had won distinction and deserved a monumental recognition! Such painters as Polygnotus, Myron, Protogenes, Parrhasius, Apelles, and Euphranor gloried in telling the story of Troy, or Salamis, or Marathon. Sculptors like Phidias, Praxiteles, and Lysippus rivaled the poets, orators, and historians in extolling the greatness of Themistocles and Alexander and all the heroes of military renown. Art spared no less pains, by the work of the masters of painting and sculpture, in honoring great historical characters and events than in setting forth the

attributes to the Olympian divinities, while the hero was often by art lifted up to companionship with the immortal gods.

The Romans took instruction from the Greeks. They not only sat at the feet of Athens to receive their education in taste and letters, but there they also learned how, by use of art, to honor and to inculcate patriotism. When Rome, therefore, became supreme, once more did a reviving art fill the domains of the civilized world with statues or monuments to celebrate, to teach, and to inspire the highest virtues of citizenship.

The Italian cities of to-day are adorned with the statues of men whose genius and achievements in art, literature, exploration, discovery, science, and liberty have made Italians proud of their country. So, too, the galleries, parks, and public squares of England, France, Germany, Spain, and Holland, are filled with pictures, or monuments and statues, which tell, as books can never tell, as poems and orations have no power to tell, how these nations have come to greatness and attained their positions of power and glory. Thus art galleries, parks, and city squares become

schools, not only of taste, but also of history and patriotism, of civic pride and national honor.

The Americans, in this particular, are following the lead of the older nations, and are calling upon art to preserve our history in colors of light and forms of beauty. Thus far, in our artistic development, we have lacked the first-order taste and power to create a national school of historical painting. The canvas has not yet put the immortal touch of glory on the events which have marked our national advance. The growing taste of a refined Americanism is, however, creating a demand which may some day call forth a genius to tell our country's story with an impressiveness and inspiration equal to any which have immortalized in painting the men and the events of other national histories.

Art helps to make the habitation, the form, and the character of man beautiful.

The cultivation of taste and the love for the beautiful keep pace with the growth of science and literature and the development of civil society. Every step of human progress is marked by some new expression of the art

instinct. There is not a department in all the limitless sphere of our activities—domestic, social, commercial, religious, or political—that does not feel the influence of man's instinctive love of beauty. Art is at work upon our homes, fashioning even the temporary habitations of men into graceful forms, which teach us while they shelter us, and minister no less to our taste and pleasure than to our physical comfort. The cities of a country, in their structures, are the indices of a people's culture and of their advancement along the higher planes of imagination, idealism, and spirituality.

What did the boast of the proud Latins mean when they could say: "Augustus found Rome of brick, and left it of marble?" It meant that the Romans, under the Augustan leadership, were becoming intellectual, were developing taste and the refining love of the beautiful, were throwing off their boorishness, their mere military brutality, and were entering upon a career in the achievements of thought and genius, which would add a more lasting glory to Latin character than all the conquests of Roman power.

He who, like a Pericles, or an Augustus, or a Lorenzo the Magnificent, lays art under contribution, in the work of her noblest exponents, to build cities into beauty and grandeur, confers on his own age an exalting honor, and on posterity an education in taste and a spirit of high-minded emulation. Where the people rule and despots have no voice, the idea of beauty should still hold sway and find embodiment in the public structures, schools, museums, palaces of justice, and municipal and government buildings. These, instead of offending the eye and corrupting the taste by their ugliness and violation of all the standards of classical and scholarly architecture, should educate the youth in the laws of beauty, and, by their perfection in art, become the joy and pride of the citizens. Is not beauty democratic? Are not the common people appreciative of its ministries? Is a republic less in need of art and its refining influence than a despotism or monarchy?

But the beauty of art in its ministry comes nearer still to man, even to dictating his dress and manners, and, in a most delicate way, to molding his very features to artistic propor-

tions, and giving his physical form a distinguishing grace and nobility. Whence came the type of Greek beauty? Was it not a development? If a development in Hellenic art, why not a development in Hellenic physiognomy and history? If the beautiful men and women of Greece inspired the artists and furnished models of grace for the sculptor's chisel and the brush of the painter, may not the best of those very models have been, in great measure, the product of Greek art? Is it not claimed that the paintings of Raphael, Titian, Correggio, and Da Vinci have contributed to the beauty of Italian women, and that those pure, ideal faces of the Madonna have so impressed Italian mothers that their children have been born with a beauty of face which must have come from holy contemplation of Madonna's loveliness? There is not a nation of people on the earth that has not become refined and beautiful in the ratio of their development in taste, and of their progress in art.

And shall beauty stop here; has it not a mission to the soul, to the moral man? The song-dowered Hebrew who had been reared among the beauties of nature with a poet's fine

imagination, caught the high symbolism of this world of light, and celebrated "the beauty of holiness," and prayed devoutly, "May the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us!" Socrates, educated in the most splendid age of Greek art, originally trained as a sculptor, familiar with the masterpieces of Phidias, Lysippus, Protogenes, and Apelles, as he must also have been familiar with these great artists of Greece themselves, thought on other modes of beauty than those which gave the canvas glory, and the marble and gold and ivory a new and fascinating grace. "I pray thee, O God, that I may be beautiful within." This was the aspiration of that great thinker and the martyr philosopher. Perfection teaches perfection; purity inculcates purity; beauty inspires beauty; and all this world of visible forms in which the Divine mind is giving expression to the idea of beauty, is but a schoolmaster to lead us to a spiritual world of spiritual beauty.

Is not this the holy mission of art, to lead the human mind to such a contemplation of beauty, purity, and perfection as to create a love for the beautiful, the pure, and the perfect in character and life?

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II.

Art and Religion

ARTIST'S SKETCH, STUDY FOR HEAD OF CHRIST, BY DA VINCI.
(HALF-TONE.)

II.

IN its delightful ministry art has come to serve religion; and therein it attempts to interpret, not only nature, but also the supernatural in the ever-fascinating language of the beautiful. Art has found its loftiest themes, its holiest inspirations, and its most sympathetic encouragement in religion. Trace the history of art to as remote a period as we will, it is found to be related to and dependent upon the prevailing religion. Whether it be the rude art of the Pueblos, Toltecs, or Aztecs of ancient and prehistoric America, or the first crude expressions of art-feeling and taste in Egypt, Greece, or Babylonia, it will have a distinct and an entirely religious character. Religion, art, and music seem to have had so remote an origin in human history that the student fails to discover the time when they did not exist and flourish. From their earliest developments to the present time they have been inseparable, reciprocal in their benign ministrations and sympathies, and co-operative

in their ennobling mission to mankind. One may very easily trace the sciences to their beginnings. Astronomy, geology, philology, ethnology, mathematics, and logic, as formulated sciences, all have a clearly defined origin. Literature, likewise, and political government belong within the limits of comparatively well-known dates of history. But religion and art have a history back of history, and their beginnings are too remote for definite date. It can only be said that with man began religion, and with religion art.

Our only reliable source of information regarding the religions of the prehistoric races of America is the art which still remains in the ruins of Arizona, New Mexico, Mexico, Yucatan, and Peru. The ancient architecture, pottery, and sculpture to be found there, all bear impress of a religious origin, and all have a religious meaning. Even the idols, which remind us of the idols of the Assyrians and Babylonians, and at times of those of the Chinese and Japanese, are like all idols, a union of art and religion—art and religion in their crudity. There is in them an imperfect taste, an imperfect worship, and an incomplete and inade-

quate, if not wholly false, expression of truth. But even the idol represents a people's religious and artistic endeavorings. It tells of the mind's groping after the light of truth and God, and seeking, in the best way it knew, the solution of the mysterious problem of human destiny. While the art of vanished races gives us a knowledge of their religion, we see therein that their religion inspired their art, and thus became the power which, above all others, perpetuated their names.

The religious sentiment, however, has inspired higher forms of art, even the highest. The rude altar by the wayside, where wandering tribes have offered an evening or morning sacrifice, is an expression of both art and religion. Religion creates art, and art aids religion and stimulates the spirit of worship in kindly, almost inspired, co-operation. When the tribes combine, cease their wanderings, and settle into a social and political community in some genial clime and fertile locality, the altar becomes more permanent and more artistic. About it rises the temple, and the temple grows in beauty and grandeur, becoming in its turn more and more artistic. Taste for

the beautiful in form and proportion develops along with the material symbols of worship. These grow from a desire to express the heart's religious sentiments in forms, altars, temples, and ceremonies presumably most attractive and acceptable to the eyes of the Creator of nature's beauty. From this center of artistic expression radiates an æsthetic influence, until all the departments of human life seek the ministry of art, which thus becomes an evangel of universal refinement, culture, and purity. When we advance to a consideration of the art of which the highest civilizations have been able to boast, it will be found that religion is still its creative life, and that the most perfect development of art becomes, not only a school of taste, but even more conspicuously a school of ethics and worship.

It is significant that atheism never created, never inspired, a single great form or expression of the sublime to aid the development of human righteousness. Atheism has not inspired a single one of the greatest poems, orations, constitutions, or masterpieces of art. These superlative achievements in literature, music, law, and art would have been forever

impossible but for the creative and inspiring influence of religion. Heine one day stood before the cathedral of Amiens with a friend, who, after studying the imposing structure with awe and wonder, turned and asked the poet why we were not able to build such edifices in our day. Heine replied: "My dear Alphonse, men in those olden days had convictions. We moderns have only opinions, and something more than a mere opinion is necessary to the erection of such a Gothic cathedral." It has taken something more than mere opinions to write the great songs, compose the great oratorios, establish the great constitutions, fight the great battles, make the great discoveries, and create the glorious art which have promoted freedom and civilization. It has taken strong, holy religious convictions.

That art has been degraded to the ignoble uses of vice and superstition will not be denied; but like degrading uses have been made of literature, music, science, and even religion. And, if a vicious abuse of art on the part of the base and sensual would justify the pure and good in repudiating its ministry and denying

its refining, elevating character, then on the same ground must the righteous of this earth repudiate literature, science, music, and even religion itself. We speak of high art—art high in its purpose and aim, sincere, expressive of the best in the mind and life of the peoples producing it. In all such art we find religion as its very soul and life.

When we study the art of the Renaissance in the sculpture, painting, architecture of Rome, Florence, Venice, and Milan; in the works of Brunelleschi, Angelo, Bramante, Raphael, and Da Vinci,—behold, it is all intensely religious. The religious feeling made it possible. It was this which developed it, nourished it, and glorified it. The Parthenon at Athens has as religious an origin as St. Peter's of Rome, and this origin was as truly theological and sectarian. It was to the Greek religion what St. Peter's is to the Roman Catholic religion. What meanings, moreover, have these statues of classic art-creation—Apollo, Mars, Mercury, Minerva, Diana, Jupiter? These are the gods and goddesses of the Greek Parthenon or the deified heroes and heroines of the Greek mythology. They are as religious

in origin and meaning as the statues of Moses and David created by Angelo. It is quite remarkable that men should ever denounce the religiousness, the theology, of the art of the Renaissance, and praise what they call classic art, when there is no art in existence more completely religious and theological than classic art. Phidias, Apelles, and Praxiteles of ancient Greece expressed their ideas of the gods in quite as narrow and sectarian a spirit as did ever Angelico express his ideas of singing angels, or Raphael his idea of the Madonna, or Angelo his conception of Christ upon the judgment throne. The same is true in literature. Hesiod is as theological in his "Theogony" as Moses in Genesis. Homer is as theological in his "Iliad" as Dante in the "Divine Comedy." Callimachus is as theological in his "Hymns" as David in the Psalms. And thus religion has dominated the highest poetry as well as the highest art.

We need not limit our survey to any single age or race in studying the mutual relations of religion and art, but shall find that in all ages and among all peoples they have been very intimately allied. The stone lions or

pumas of New Mexico, carved more than ten centuries ago by the ancestors of the Pueblo Indians, and still worshiped; the temple of serpent-shaped pillars at Tula, the pyramids of the sun, and the sculptured images of the sun-god, rain-god, and god of air and wisdom, the work of the Toltecs who settled at Tula as early as the sixth century, and tradition says the second; the ruins of the holy city of Palenque and of Ake, Izamal, and Chichen-Itza, with the well-preserved remains of statues and of temples, tombs, and palaces, adorned with bas-relief of a high order of workmanship, whose age has been variously estimated at from one to two thousand years,—all show the relation of art to religion in the early barbarisms of Amercia.

If we study the art remains of Babylonia and Assyria of thirty centuries ago, we shall find the religions of those ancient peoples—the worship of Bel, the sun-god, in particular—preserved on tile and stone, indicating that their art and religion had a common origin and a reciprocal relation one to the other. In the awe-inspiring art of old Egypt we find it

the helpmeet of religion. Contemplate, unearth her buried glory, the imposing relics of her vanished greatness, and translate the significance of those stately columns and huge statues that stand to tell the ages of the ancient grandeur of the Nile. They are the record of Egypt's God-seeking history. They are her sighs and hopes and fears and prayers, her faith and aspirations and character, preserved in magnificent, artistic expression. Those mighty temples and enduring pyramids can not be interpreted except from a religious standpoint. They could have had no other origin than the people's notions of life and death, destiny and God. Let those pyramids be recognized as only magnificent tombs; yet it will appear that the old Egyptian ideas of death and of the future state gave rise, not only to their elaborate funeral rites and their careful preparations of the dead for burial, but also to the artistic decorations of mummy-cases and sarcophagi and the stupendous magnitude of the tombs of their great kings. The temples of Abu-Simbel, Edfoo, and El Karnak speak, even in their splendid ruins, of the ancient

co-operation of art and religion. Egyptian religion, whether polytheistic or monotheistic, and in both her Theban and Memphite systems, gave origin to Egyptian art; and that art set forth to her own people, and even to all coming ages, the faith that was held by that mighty and mysterious race.

Turn to Greece, the spot where ancient culture reached its perfection and beauty attained its highest and noblest expression in sculpture, painting, and architecture. The history of art in Greece began with the history of Athens. There, too, art had a religious origin. Whether introduced by Cecrops or Erectheus, the worship of Minerva, or Athena, gave the city its name; and as early as B. C. 1400 a statue of Minerva was there erected as an object of worship. In Homer's time, say B. C. 900, art must have advanced to a very high state of perfection. The poet's description of the shield of Achilles, in the eighteenth book of the "Iliad," would certainly indicate a knowledge of sculpture, engraving, and variously-colored metals, if not of painting. That architecture was carried to great magnificence

in building may be learned from the poet's description of the palace of Priam:

"Raised on arch'd columns of stupendous frame—
O'er these a range of marble structure runs,
The rich pavilions of his fifty sons,
In fifty chambers lodg'd; and rooms of state
Oppos'd to those, where Priam's daughters sate.
Twelve domes for them and their loved spouses shone.

Paris also had his palace:

"Himself the mansion rais'd, from every part
Assembling architects of matchless art."

Homer indicates that the shield of Achilles and the palaces of Priam and Paris were possible creations of Greek art in the thirteenth, or even the fifteenth, century B. C. Homer is coming to be recognized as the founder of the composite Olympian religion. In his epic the gods of the Greek Pantheon are familiar with art; and from his day, if not from some day far more remote, art was inseparable from the Olympian system. By Homer's teaching, the handicrafts and arts were the gifts of the gods. The progress, no less than the beginning, of art in Greece was religious; and when it reached its climax of perfection in Athens,

Phidias consecrated his genius to the gods—that is, to religion, as he understood it, false as it may seem to us. The noblest productions of this incomparable artist were his statues of Jupiter and Minerva and his unrivaled sculptures on the Parthenon, dedicated to Minerva, the patron goddess of Athens. Apelles, too, the Raphael of Greece, consecrated his genius to the gods, and made his glowing pencil teach the faith of the elegant Greeks.

We can understand Saracenic art only from the standpoint of Mohammedanism. That art takes character, even in its very limitations, from the religion of the Koran. Beautiful and often imposing as was the architecture with which the Moors embellished Spain, reaching its perfection in the chaste elegance of the Alhambra, noble as were the mosques which shrined the symbols of their faith, the Saracens could not be great sculptors and painters, since they were forbidden to represent in art the form of any living being. Mohammedan architecture, however, is a very significant illustration of our theme, since it sets forth all that the Moslem religion can do for art, and all that art can do for the Moslem religion.

The limitations of the Mohammedan religion determine the limitations of Saracenic art. What we have said relative to the alliance of religion and art in Greece, Egypt, Babylonia, Mohammedan Europe and Asia, and ancient America, will apply to India, China, Japan, and ancient Palestine, where forms of religion have originated and given birth and character to forms of art.

Modern art found its origin in religion, if not in theology. It was not the offspring of superstition; it was born of faith in the Infinite, of a hope of immortality, of a sincere struggle of the human soul toward God. As soon as Christianity became a creative, regenerative, and formative power in society, new literatures, new laws, new sciences, and a new art began to appear and to develop toward perfection. With the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, if not much earlier—say, with the Roman subjugation of the artistic Greeks—came not only the decline, but the almost total annihilation, of original art; and for a thousand years or more the world was deprived of enlightenment. Not a great song was sung, not a great philosophy appeared, not a great

work of art was created. Letters, art, and ethics, all seem to have become barbarous. Ignorance and superstition prevailed where once had triumphed civilizations splendid with laws and letters, poetry and philosophy, art and arms.

There came, however, a morning to break the intellectual gloom of the Dark Ages—a morning of freedom, of emancipation. The star to herald the coming day was Dante's wondrous song. Almost simultaneously with the appearance of the first great religious poet awoke the beautiful genius of art in the soul of Giotto. He was the disciple of Dante. The poet inspired the artist, and gave a religious impulse to his painting. Giotto was the forerunner of that generation of artists whose creations in sculpture, architecture, and painting raised modern art to a rivalry with the noblest triumphs of the classic ages.

What is the leading characteristic of the art of the Renaissance? It is religious; it is Christian. Christianity creates, develops, patronizes, and supports it. It was the highest ambition of the old masters to make art the handmaid of religion; hence the religious char-

acter of their great works. Fra Angelico goes to his work in the spirit of a saint, and prays for Divine inspiration. The tears roll down his cheeks while he paints angelic forms on gloomy walls. Michael Angelo gives seventeen years of his time to building St. Peter's Cathedral, refusing all financial remuneration, and toiling on with his splendid powers to glorify God in the achievements of his art. The frescoes of the Sistine Chapel, which inaugurated a new era in the history of art, drew their inspiration from the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures. They tell the story of the creation and of the antediluvian world, portray the majestic figures of the Hebrew prophets, and then move forward to the end of time and depict the grandeur and solemnity of the last judgment. The Sistine Chapel is full of the spirit of Christianity, glorified with Scriptural truth. Angelo was a devout disciple of Savonarola, the reformer of the Renaissance and a student of Dante, whose genius, character, and teachings were his inspiration. Angelo gave character to the art of the Renaissance, which thus became lofty, sublime, and Christian. Raphael caught his highest ideas from

Angelo, and consecrated his matchless pencil to religious uses. It must be admitted that the art of that time set forth in some instances what have come to be looked upon as errors, if not superstitions. But the religion of that time, while containing the sublimest truths of Christianity, also tolerated and taught many unverified traditions and fables. Art could not be nobler than the religion that gave it life. What is true in religion inspires what is true in art, and what is false in art comes from what is false in the religion which inspires it. As Christianity has revived and elevated art, so art has glorified Christianity. It has set forth her doctrines, portrayed her saints, and even her very God and Savior. Limited only by the necessary restrictions of her powers, art has been a teacher of things divine. It has robed religion in loveliness, and crowned her white brow with jewels of beauty. It has reared the noblest structures that adorn the earth to her honor and service. Not to science, not to letters, not to philosophy, not to liberty, not to nature, not to art itself, but to religion has art dedicated its most glorious achievements,

whether in painting, in sculpture, or in architecture.

While we might instructively study the co-operation of art and science, or art and philosophy, or art and poetry, yet we shall not be able to find that close relationship which we find universally existing between art and religion. It is not remarkable that a people of artistic tastes and genius should possess the poetical spirit. There is poetry in all true art, as there is art in all true poetry. Both are largely the offspring of the religious feeling and of a love of the beautiful, and they both minister to the æsthetic, the imaginative, and the moral in man. It could hardly be that an unpoetical people should ever become distinguished for their art tastes or art productions, and it may easily be imagined that a race capable of producing a "Laocoon" could produce an "Œdipus," and a race that could write an "Iliad" could build a Parthenon. It may be said that a nation's art will equal its poetry, and its poetry its art. This may be seen in a comparison of Greek art with Greek poetry, and of Latin art with Latin poetry. Homer and

Phidias belong to the same nation, as do Dante and Michael Angelo, Shakespeare and Turner, Goethe and Dürer, Molière and Millet.

It is singular, however, and worthy of notice, that while a people capable of great art are capable of great poetry, the great art and great poetry rarely come together. The chisel and the lyre are not heard at the same time. The Parthenon and the "Iliad" were not twin born of genius; neither were the "Divine Comedy" and the "Last Judgment," nor "Lear" and "The Slave Ship." Homer, Æschylus, and Pindar were through singing before Apelles, Phidias, and Praxiteles produced their masterpieces. While Dante and Petrarch were still vocal, there was as yet no high Italian art; and while England was glorious with Sidney, Spenser, Jonson, Shakespeare, and Milton, her art genius was still slumbering. Rembrandt painted without a highly poetical accompaniment. We admit, indeed, an exception in France, where Molière was contemporaneous with Claude Lorraine; but not in Spain, for Cervantes passes away ere "Murillo paints the crescent underneath Madonna's feet." But it will be found that religion and

art never part company. Art declines with religion, and with it revives. They are companions in all their trials and triumphs; encouraging one another; ministering to one another; upbuilding and inspiring one another; and together giving light, hope, and truth to men.

Nothing in the entire range of art history is more suggestive and interesting than the mutual alliance of art and Christianity. It will not satisfy the thoughtful mind simply to recognize the influence of art upon pagan religion, and the reciprocal influence of pagan religion upon art. The most spiritual of all religions has employed art as one of the most efficient mediums for the communication of Divine truth to the hearts of men. The first developments of the Christian religion were allied with the first developments of Christian art. Why should not God reveal himself through inspired forms of beauty, as well as through inspired oratory and literature? Art has given an element of influential power to all sacred symbolism. The beautiful has taught men of the true and divine. If God has constructed the universe on scientific and

mathematical principles, has he not also fashioned and adorned it on artistic principles of symmetry, grace, and beauty? If nature tells us that the Infinite mind is rational, it also tells us that it is æsthetic; if mathematical, then also artistic. If science so interprets nature that we conceive thereby a more worthy idea of the Divine intelligence, is it not the mission of art, in its interpretation of nature, also to increase our knowledge and our love of God?

The Infinite Wisdom employed art in setting forth a revelation of his promises and his will to mankind through his chosen people. Nothing remains to us of the art of the Hebrews. They had but little. In the development of the idea of the Divine unity, God saw fit to separate worship as far as possible from all art that had been associated with idolatry, or that might tempt an uncultured people into the worship of images. But as the Hebrews advanced in civilization, after they had passed beyond the formative state and had come to be a nation, with a system of laws and government, with a literature, and with refined tastes, they were permitted to employ art as a re-

ligious teacher. All the art the Hebrews ever did employ, whether native or foreign, was devoted to the service of religion, and in it, as in Hebrew poetry and prophecy, the saving hope of the world was set forth. It was Messianic in its significance. The tabernacle in the wilderness, the ark of the covenant, the golden cherubim, were all artistic symbols of spiritual things. All the art displayed in the ark of the covenant, that instrument of storied beauty and of untold value, was consecrated to the preservation of a Providential history and to the prefiguration of the promised Messiah, our Lord Jesus Christ. In that memorial and prophecy in gold the world has been more deeply interested than in all the bronze or marble or ivory forms that have given immortal fame to Egypt or to Greece.

But we find the perfection of Hebrew art in the temple. Although Phœnician in origin, and borrowed, it was the adopted art of the Hebrews. Like every great triumph in architecture which has graced the globe, that temple was the embodiment of a religious sentiment and the center of a religious system. In one respect; that is, as a production of art, it

was to the Jews what the temple of El Karnak was to the old Egyptians, what the temple of Diana was to the Ephesians, what the Parthenon was to the Athenians, and what the Pantheon was to the Romans—the nation's greatest architectural achievement, and that for which they will longest be remembered in the history of art. It must be kept in mind that all these structures were religious to those who produced them. It may be doubted whether any other sentiment of man has been strong enough or authoritative enough to make possible the existence of such beautiful and costly temples. The love of philosophy has never inspired such artistic conceptions nor prompted men to the liberality and self-sacrifice necessary to the construction of a Parthenon or a Solomon's temple. The love of letters, or of science, or of worldly amusements never found expression in edifices so costly and noble; nay, even the love of law, of country, or of art itself never created, never built, such piles of marble grace and grandeur. These edifices are the visible expression of man's prayers and confessions, of his faith, his hope, his awe of death, and longing for immortality, of his ideas of

eternity, and his need of God. They are the deepest and loftiest, the most pathetic and commanding, the gentlest and boldest, the most beautiful and sublime thoughts that have moved the hearts of men and controlled the history of races. They are in cedar and gold, in marble and ivory, with graceful and majestic columns, with sculptured frieze and swelling dome, they are the beautiful symbols of national religions.

The temple of Solomon stood on Moriah gleaming with prophecy. All its glory and costliness, all the pomp and splendor of its service, spake of Messiah as prophet had never spoken, as poet had never sung. The ages speed by. The fullness of time ushers in the fulfillment of the old prophecies. The Christ appears, the flowering culmination of prophetic Judaism. Paganism falls to ruin. Out of the wreck rises a new order of things, a new heaven and a new earth. When art once more rises to fill the world with forms of beauty, new ideals take the place of the old. Egyptian, Greek, Hebrew, and Assyrian art give way to the new art—to Christian art. And now art, which in the old Greek days had been a specu-

lation, in the old Egyptian days a mystery, in the old Hebrew days a prophecy, becomes in these new days an evangel. It is consecrated to Christ. It begins to preach. It preaches from the frescoes of convent and chapel, from the glowing canvas and the breathing stone, from bronze gate and marble campanile, from lofty spire and swelling dome. It preaches the story of Bethlehem from the canvas of Correggio; it preaches of the Holy Child and of the Transfiguration from the easel of Raphael; it preaches of the Last Supper from the brush of Leonardo; it preaches of the Crucifixion from the pictures of Guido Reni and Albert Dürer; it preaches of the Resurrection and the final Judgment from the magnificent frescoes of Michael Angelo. Poetry, music, and art have all contributed beautiful expression to the teachings of Divine truth. What David sings in the Psalms, Solomon builds in the temple; what Dante expresses in a great poem, Angelo expresses in a great fresco; what Raphael sets forth in a glorious painting, Handel sets forth in a glorious oratorio; what Milton celebrates in a sublime epic, Sir Christopher Wren immortalizes in a grand

cathedral. And the supreme homage of what is beautiful in them all is paid to "Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Son of man."

The classic age was dominated by the mythological inspiration; the Renaissance by the theological, or Christian and Scriptural, inspiration. But in the development of the art feeling, true artists came to see the demand existing for an interpretation not only of gods and goddesses, angels, saints, martyrs, and divinities, but also of common men and the common life. They must interpret the physical realities of nature, as well as spirituality and the supernatural. They come to see that the events of history, the sports and pastimes of the people, the sorrows and burdens of daily life, the beauty of woman, the toil of man, and the sweetness of childhood, were all susceptible of artistic interpretation. So there came to the easel such masters as Rembrandt, Van Dyck, Velasquez, Holbein, and Reynolds, who gave us wonderful interpretations of the human face. Paul Potter, Troyon, Van Marcke, Jacque, and Rosa Bonheur find something for art to interpret in the sheep and the pastures where they graze. Landscape assumes beauty and glory

in the eyes of Claude, Turner, Constable, Dupre, Rousseau, Daubigny, and Corot. For a time the angels, saints, and martyrs of theological art are forgotten, and we see divinity in the trees and lakes, in the skies and woods and fields. A spiritual voice is ever saying, "Behold the fowls of the air," "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow;" and we catch the devout Spirit of Him who walked by the sea and through the cornfields, who sat by the well, and who went up into the mountain to pray.

The least artistic object apparently in the world, the poor man without an ornament, humbly clad, and at his toil; the peasant woman without a jewel; the poor man's child without a ribbon; the lowly cottage without a picture; all at once begin to call upon art for interpretation. Millet paints the pathos of the working life, the poetry of toil, the saints of the field, the madonnas of the cottage, the angels of industry. Jozef Israels finds the same path, and gives to a humble Dutch kitchen, where a woman bends at her sewing, with a little child exulting in a new rag doll or a fresh slice of bread, a fascination beyond the silks and

satins of a Watteau or the waxen finish and sensuous beauty of a Bouguereau. Jules Breton, too, belongs to this class, in whom the honest and industrious peasantry of this world find just and sympathetic friends. These artists show us the humanity, nay, the divinity of toil, the sacredness of life, and the struggle, pathos, endurance, and grandeur of it.

The artists of the last fifty years have been moving away from classical and theological ideas, and have been more generally than ever before seeking their inspiration from nature, and from historical and common life sources. But that does not mean that art is becoming irreligious, and is losing sight of the Divine. It is simply finding more divinity, more truth and beauty, more love and life in this world than ever, and in a greater variety of form and revelation. We must insist that the truth of nature, the truth of life, and the truth of religion are still in perfect harmony, and forever must be. It is not necessary to paint simply angels, madonnas, saints, martyrs, and crucifixions to be religious in spirit. He who, in song or picture or statue, shows the divine meaning of nature, and the profound, sincere,

godlike workings of human mind and heart; he who makes the lily tell its white mystery; he who sets the stars singing of the worlds above; he who hides mightier philosophies than Plato's in the trees of the forest, and the harvests of the summer, and the waves of the ocean, and the dimples of a child's sweet face, has as much religion to teach as those old masters who peopled the ceilings of stately cathedrals with martyrs and angels, prophets and madonnas. Millet preaches as religiously as Correggio; and Raphael's "Transfiguration" has not more of the true religious sentiment and the Christ spirit than Millet's "Gleaners," or "Sower," or "Angelus." This master genius of Barbazon acknowledged that he drew his inspiration from the Bible. "I find in it all that I do," said he to his old teacher, the village priest. The spirit of the Bible, of the Christ, sent him to paint the pathos of honest poverty and the virtues of patient toil. We find modern art going where the Nazarene went for inspiration—first to the Scriptures, full of the love of God; then to the mountains, lakes, fields; to the homes of men; to the places where manhood struggles forth

into heroism, where convictions become great duties, and where purposes become noble achievements. Never was there more truth in man's religion, never more religion in art.

We may look for a higher, nobler art than ever as men cultivate a purer, more spiritual religion, a religion that consists in love for truth, love for beauty, love for perfection, love for purity, love for humanity, love for God. No great art is possible to a mind that is closed to the sublime truths of religion. How narrow are the limitations of the mind that has no God, no immortality, no outlook beyond the horizon and stars, no aspirations beyond a grave! How grand are the possibilities of genius, strong-eyed and genuine enough to see far into the everlasting depth of the skies, and find glorious destinies beyond what seems to be in the Infinite all that must be and that is! It was Daubigny, when dying, who said, "I am going to see if Corot has found any new motif for a landscape." His art must be immortal who looks so far beyond. There was religion in the thought of immortality still encouraging the art genius; and the love of art made the hope of immortality sublime.

III.

The Art of Ancient Coins.

ALEXANDER.

PHILIP II.

ATHENS.

AGRIGENTUM.

RHODES.

ATHENS.

ANCIENT COINS.

III.

NO form of art had a more perpetual and widespread educational influence on the Greek mind in developing taste and fostering the idea of beauty than the national and colonial coinage. There seemed to exist a desire on the part of the cities of Greece, Sicily, Asia Minor, and Magna Græcia to rival each other in the taste displayed on so common an article as their money. This desire, or ambition, resulted in the production of coins which reached the highest beauty and artistic merit, rivaling the engraved gems and even the highest sculpture of their periods. These coins are of singular interest, not only to the collector, but also to the archæologist, historian, and student of art. Ancient coins remain among the most reliable witnesses of remote events, customs, and peoples. In many cases they are the only material evidences of the former existence of an ancient city. The survival of these relics, or rather monuments, is easily accounted for. A single column, arch

or temple of wood or stone, erected to commemorate a great national event, is doomed in time to absolute destruction; but the coin celebrating that event is sent forth from the mint in multiplied thousands, and the chances are that a few at least will survive destruction to the latest ages of time. Even in this day, pots of ancient money are now and then unearthed by the plowshare of the husbandman, or the pick and shovel of the excavator. Many a hid treasure of silver or gold coins has remained where it was originally deposited in the earth from the days of Alexander the Great to the present time. When brought to view some of these coins are as perfect as when they came from the mint, and are in many cases beautiful with the impress of ancient art. This art becomes a fascinating teacher of history. On the Roman coins we find preserved the very portraits of the Roman emperors, and superscriptions and emblems recording important events of their reigns. Nearly every collection of Roman coins can boast the possession of a "Vespasian," with the obverse bearing the image of that emperor, and the reverse stamped with the legend, "Judea Capta," and

the emblematical design of a woman seated and mourning under a palm-tree, while the emperor, as conqueror, stands above the captive, holding a spear in his hand. Here is a monument, executed by the order of the Roman Senate, to commemorate the conquest of Judea by Vespasian and Titus. The superscription, and, in some cases, the image of Philip, Alexander, Lysimachus, Antiochus, and other rulers, are to be found on the Greek coins, and frequently some commemorative inscription or emblem giving to them an historical value.

The names of certain ancient colonies live to-day in no other material form than such as is found on coins of their mints. Their temples, marts, and monuments have disappeared; their very sites are in question, if not absolutely unknown to the archæologist; their arts, sciences, and laws have passed away with every vestige of their physical existence. But here is a coin which was struck by the mint of that city or colony five hundred years before Christ. It is the only material evidence of the glory of the civilization by which it was produced, the only witness to its commercial importance, its

intellectual refinement, and its ethical culture. As the ichthyologist will describe a fish from a single scale, or the botanist name a tree from a single leaf, so must the historian often construct a civilization from the suggestions given him by so small a relic as a piece of money. Thus the historiographic importance of a study of ancient coins is clearly evident. Equally manifest to the student of ancient taste is the artistic importance of these coins, and more particularly of the Greek coins. The refinement and art-knowledge of those remote ages are displayed on their silver and gold pieces, which often rank with precious gems of art. It may not be too much to say that the public demand for the beautiful is here proven, as the coin reflects the taste of the people. The citizens are not only in a condition to enjoy and appreciate art, but their æsthetic feeling demands it when their municipal authorities, be they democratic or despotic, find it necessary to employ artists in the production of beautiful designs for their coinage. As fine buildings, monuments, statuary, and galleries of paintings are created by the art-loving intellectualism of the age, and as they prove the existence

of a popular demand, so that ancient money—often splendid with art, more valuable than the silver and gold which it adorned—plainly said, "The people demand the beautiful." Nay, more, those coins prove that the culture of the people had reached a high degree of perfection, and that in the smallest matters they had come to recognize the utility of beauty and the refining influence of art. This artistic coinage also means: Here is a medium for universal education in taste, and a means of disseminating a universal and perpetual enjoyment. Let the very money which the people handle daily in the common affairs of life, even in their constant trafficking, be a thing of beauty, and let this beauty, this art, have a daily ministry to the people, counteracting the world's sordidness, the grosser and less intellectual tendencies of life's drudgeries in commerce and physical labor. Let taste, art, beauty, intellectualism, enter the shop and mart in the form of an artistically-executed coin in the hand of a trader, artisan, mechanic, laborer, soldier, or husbandman, and their refining influences will be felt on the common mind and life. Moreover, the children and youth, by daily contact

with art, even in the coins, shall acquire unconsciously a love for the beautiful, and a taste for art which the schools can not impart by direct instruction. This taste and art must finally come to pervade all the forms, movements, designs, and activities of life, and thus the idea of beauty in all things must come to govern the Greek character and civilization.

What the sculpture, painting, and architecture of many of those cities of Greek colonization may have been, we can only surmise. It is quite certain that they never rose to the power and perfection in art-creation which distinguished Athens when she built the Parthenon and patronized Phidias and Praxiteles. But in the production of smaller objects of art, such as engraved gems and coins of the precious metals, wherein an Edmund Burke might have found all the elements of beauty to satisfy and support his philosophy of the beautiful, those cities often rivaled and even excelled proud Athens. If it be claimed that Athens was the pupil of other cities in the beautiful arts, one of the strongest arguments in support of the claim is to be found in the fact that the mint of Athens never equaled in

her designs for money the perfection of the mints of Thurium, Rhodes, Metapontum, Agrigentum, Heraclea, Terina, and Syracuse. The influence of such artists as Phidias, Praxiteles, Scopas, Kimon, Myron, Polycletus, and Lysippus was reflected with greater perfection in the coinage of the Greek colonies than in the money of Athens. There may have been conditions—political, commercial, and industrial—which were not particularly favorable to the highest development of sculpture and architecture in the Greek cities of Italy, Sicily, and Asia Minor. But Athens, as the intellectual center of Hellenic civilization, furnished the conditions for the development of all the modes and forms of art, and hence it led the world in sculpture, painting, and architecture.

In its unapproachable excellency along these higher planes, it seems to have treated the art of its coinage with comparative indifference, so that, during the most brilliant age of its history, its money was hardly worthy of the art of Phidias and of the Parthenon. Although its quality was the universal standard, its beauty fell far below the demand of the prevailing taste. Many of the Greek colonies

which were commercial and industrial centers cultivated a taste for art which possessed the true classic aspiration and refinement, though it expressed itself in a less ambitious form than the Athenian. We must ever keep in mind that the glory of Grecian civilization was derived from various elements, not alone Athenian. Of the great men who names stand for ancient culture, and whose intellectual power made the Greek name synonymous with all that is classical and immortal in ancient art and letters, many were not natives of Athens. Hesiod and Pittacus, if not Homer, were Æolians; Pythagoras was a Dorian; Pindar and Epaminondas were Bœotians; Lycurgus was of Sparta; Thales, of Crete; Plato was of Ægina; Aristotle was born at Stagira; Archimedes, at Syracuse; Euripides, at Salamis; Herodotus, at Halicarnassus; Scopas was a native of Paros; Myron of Eleutheræ in Bœotia; Polycletus and Lysippus, of Sicyon; Kimon, of Cleonæ; and Apelles, of Colophon. Thus the intellectualism of the Greeks was not confined to Attica. It is interesting, moreover, to recall the fact that not one of the great schools of Hellenic architecture originated in

Athens. These were Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian, showing that the most original and most creative genius and feeling were provincial and colonial. But æstheticism was as universal as Hellenism. Wherever the Greek mind held sway the idea of beauty became almost a religion. To it Grecian civilization sacrificed itself. If this idea of beauty exalted Greece, it also finally exhausted her. A wrong conception of the mission and ministry of the beautiful may result in an enervating use or misuse of art, and a people may become degenerate by devoting themselves to the mere æsthetical enjoyments, the sensuous cult of beauty. A very commendable civic pride was manifest in that ancient coinage. The emblem adopted by the city was often stamped on its coins, and wherever the coin circulated it carried on its face some legend of which its people were justly proud, some device commemorating an event of importance in the city's history, or representing an industry, art, product, or traffic for which the city was renowned. The crab, most perfectly and artistically engraved on the coins of Agrigentum, doubtless represents the abundance of crabs which abounded

in the river on which the city was built. On the money of Metapontum is found engraved a head of wheat, an emblem of the fertility of the soil, and possibly of the principal harvest. The coin of Rhodes bears on the reverse a beautifully-engraved rose, the flower from which the city derived its name. Certain authorities claim that this flower is not a rose, but rather the pomegranate flower, which was used for dyeing purposes, and was a source of considerable income to the Rhodians. Again, there are authorities who tell us this flower was "sacred to the sun-god." The principal emblem on the reverse of the Athenian coin was the owl. The origin of this device is not known. Some have supposed it was inspired by an event of the naval battle of Salamis. The appearance of an owl was considered as an omen of victory, and the Athenians under Themistocles defeated the Persians under Xerxes. As the owl appeared on the Athenian coin before it appeared at Salamis, this could not have been the historical origin of the emblem. It is likely that the owl represented the favor of Minerva, and as the head of the patron goddess of Athens was placed on the obverse

of the coin, this bird of good omen was for that reason engraved on the reverse. Similar traditions explain the devices on other coins, such as the Ox of Sybaris, the Lion of Rhegium, the Dolphin of Tarentum, the Tripod of Croton, and the Chariot of Syracuse. These emblems had a twofold influence, one artistic, the other patriotic; so that the idea of beauty and the thought of municipal patriotism were associated in the minds of the people from childhood.

In that Grecian coinage, beauty was also associated with reverence, art with religion—if we are disposed to see a religion in the Olympian mythology. There was a time, indeed, when it was considered sacrilegious to issue money without some recognition expressed on it of the supernatural influences known as the gods. With the money of Philip II and of Alexander the Great, art entered on its most brilliant age in the decoration of gold and silver coins. On the tetradrachms of Philip we find a strong artistic head of Zeus, and on Alexander's coins are noble images of Hercules, with perhaps some resemblance to Alexander himself. On the reverse of these

coins is the image of Zeus, seated and holding an eagle in his outstretched hand. The coins of Athens bear the image of Pallas, to whom the Parthenon was dedicated, and by whose favor the city was founded. By that image the Athenians said, "In Pallas we trust," as on some of our American coins we say in so many words, "In God we trust." Syracuse stamped the beautiful head of Persephone, or Kora, on her coins, as if to propitiate the goddess of the changing seasons, and secure her favor and patronage. On the coins of Rhodes is found the head of Helios, the sun-god, with beams of light radiating from his abundant and flowing locks. Thus, on the coins of various cities will be found the images of Zeus, Apollo, Pallas, Cybele, Poseidon, Ceres, and other gods and goddesses of the Greek Pantheon. Undoubtedly their reverence for the gods suggested to the Greeks the highest art as the only fit and adequate method of honoring them, and celebrating and inculcating their virtues. Aside from the historical value and the mythological significance of that ancient money, one must be very agreeably interested in its artistic beauty, and the modern student

will be profoundly impressed with the educational use to which the ancients put the idea of beauty in the development of taste, patriotism, and worship. The thought must have come to every Greek as he handled a coin, "How beautiful, how beautiful!"

Take the silver tetradrachm of Rhodes. It is a coin of striking peculiarity and beauty. The head of the sun-god is stamped on the obverse in nobly bold relief. This image is supposed by some to represent the head of the Colossus of Rhodes, one of the seven wonders of the world, but it is beyond question now admitted to be the head of the sun-god, Helios. On the reverse is the finely-executed rose or pomegranate flower. Above the flower is stamped the name of the city, "Rodion;" below the flower is the name of the magistrate of the city, or possibly the name of the very engraver of the coin, "A. Meineas." How suggestive such a relic of antiquity must be to the modern student of art and history! Before his imagination towers the famous Colossus; beneath its "huge legs" passes the rich commerce of the Ægean to and from the busy ports and marts of Rhodes. Here the painters

Protogenes and Apelles had wrought. Here art and eloquence vie with trade and jurisprudence in conferring distinction upon the greatest city of the Dorian Hexapolis. To the archæologist, numismatist, historian, and student of art this single relic of all that vanished glory, this silver tetradrachm of Rhodes, says: "The Rhodians, with all their commercial instincts and enterprise, were a people of refinement and culture, who applied their wealth to the encouragement and production of art and to the enjoyment of the beautiful." With what an eloquence does this Athenian coin appeal to our imagination and our taste! It leads us back in thought to the splendid age of Pericles. It saw Phidias build the Parthenon; it may have been paid as wages to men who toiled on the monuments of the Acropolis; possibly it was in the pocket of a soldier who fought at Marathon; it could have been in the wallet of a citizen the very day he stood in the Agora, and heard Demosthenes deliver his first philippic; Paul may have flung it to a beggar on his way to Mars' Hill. Somewhat archaic, it has seen the rise of Grecian art; it has witnessed the development of the highest

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Hellenism in philosophy, literature, and civilization. That owl's eyes have looked into the faces of illustrious men and upon the storied graces of Athenian beauty; they have scanned the battle-fields, witnessed revolutions, conquests, national decadences, national births, the rise and fall of empires. That placid cynical face of Pallas has looked ages out of countenance, and, without a smile or frown, but as serene and imperturbable as the Sphinx of the Egyptian plain, it has mingled with the faces of nearly seventy generations of the sons of men, and to-day it looks as indifferently upon the virtuous reign of Victoria as it ever looked upon the corrupt social supremacy of Aspasia, and it seems to contemplate the rise of freedom in the land of Washington and Lincoln as stolidly and absentmindedly as ever it considered the loss of Athenian democracy under Pisistratus the tyrant. In the development of Athenian art this rude image of Pallas gradually gave way to a more and more artistic head, and at last to a copy of the statue of the goddess which Phidias had produced for the Parthenon, a statue of ivory and gold.

The many various coins of Alexander the

Great, minted in both his European and Asiatic dominions, indicate a progress in the art of coinage, although his money never reached the excellence to be seen on the money of Rhodes, Heraclea, or Syracuse. Nor, indeed, can Alexander's coins be compared to the regal money of Demetrius, Lysimachus or Antigonus. Nevertheless, the head of the young Hercules, bearing a supposed resemblance to the great conqueror, is often a powerful and handsome image, and on some of the coins may represent the influence, if it is not the real work, of Lysippus, the sculptor of Sicyon, to whom we are indebted for celebrated portraits of Alexander. The education of the Macedonian, it will be remembered, had received special attention. For several years he was the pupil of no less a master than Aristotle. Under the instruction of this philosopher, whose system of instruction included training in art, poetry, and music, Alexander must have developed a taste for letters and art which was never entirely sacrificed even to his military genius or to his political ambition. It is further known, if the date be reliable, that Alexander patronized the arts, and brought to

his courts such masters as Lysippus, Pergathocles, and Apelles. The story is that no one but Lysippus was allowed to represent him in sculpture, no one but Pergathocles was allowed to engrave his image on gems, and no one but the great Apelles had authority to paint his portrait. It was doubtless to disparage his finer qualities of mind that the anecdote was started in which he is represented as making some foolish remark about painting while in the studio of Apelles, when the great artist bade him be silent if he did not wish the apprentices to laugh at his ignorance. But if he was ignorant of the technicalities of art, he was evidently wise enough to leave the ornamentation of the regal money to the master artists, who certainly succeeded in producing coins which bear the impress of a bold, free, rugged art, quite in keeping with his character and achievements. They represent strength, force, aggressive ambition, and are quite sufficiently typical of the man.

The tetradrachms of Antigonus "Doson"—one of Alexander's generals, and later the ruler of Pamphylia, Lycia, and Phrygia Major—are of remarkable beauty. The ob-

verse bears the head of Poseidon, the supreme lord of the sea. This head is a work of extraordinary strength and character, the artistic representation of the hair and beard displaying taste and workmanship worthy of the best masters. The reverse of this coin has few if any rivals. The nude figure of Apollo is seated on a galley in a pose of consummate ease and grace, and if it could be proven that either Lysippus or Phidias had engraved the figure, it would detract in no measure from the reputation of the great artist. One who is so fortunate as to own this coin in fine condition must regard it as something far higher and more valuable than a mere piece of money. It is in the highest sense a work of great art, as truly as is a painting by Raphael, a statue by Michael Angelo, or a jewel wrought by the hand of Benvenuto Cellini.

Another gem of art is the coin of Heraclea, the work, no doubt, of some recognized master. The obverse bears the helmeted head of Pallas most artistically rendered, while on the reverse is stamped the image of Hercules. Perhaps the most beautiful design is one representing Hercules in conflict with the Nemean

lion. The lion has sprung upon the side of Hercules. The hero grasps it by the head and mane, while every muscle of body, arms, and legs swells with strength; grace, energy, power, agility, movement, are all portrayed with wonderful skill. The famous Laocoon itself could not have been executed by a more skillful artist than the unknown genius who wrought on this rare and exquisite coin.

It was left for Syracuse, however, to bear away the palm for superiority in the production of beautiful money. This city, founded by the Corinthians 735 B. C., and destroyed by the Saracens in the ninth century of the Christian era, passed through many vicissitudes, but had its periods of splendor, during which it rivaled both Athens and Carthage, and successfully resisted their ambitious arms. The mixture of Grecian and Egyptian elements in the Sicilians and the Syracusans resulted in an art which revealed the characteristics of both civilizations. The head of Persephone, or Arethusa, found on the early coins, is unmistakably Egyptian, and remains so for a long period, gradually changing into the more decidedly Greek type, until the age of

the democracy following the dynasty of Gelon, when the archaic and the Egyptian forms give way to the simple and artistic Greek engraving, which comes to its perfection of exquisite beauty in the decadrachms of Dionysius. The head of Persephone surrounded by dolphins is here treated with a most artistic representation of sensuous beauty. The elegant, fascinating, almost bewitching arrangement of the hair, the sweet Greek brow, the perfect ideal features of female loveliness, the soft, graceful throat and neck, all conspire to produce "a combination and a form, indeed, where every *goddess seems* to set *her* seal." The reverse of this coin is hardly less beautiful, and is certainly no less artistic, than the obverse. It is adorned with the representation of the victorious chariot of the Olympic race, in which the representative of Syracuse, Gelon perhaps, brought immortal renown to the city. The chariot is nearing the goal; Victory hovers in the air, holding forth the coveted crown toward the brow of Syracuse; the four horses are leaping forth as if animated with the very sentiments of the charioteers, and as if hearing the applause and loud acclaim of the assembled multitude.

One can not look on this design without catching the spirit of the occasion, which inspired the artist as he wrought this beautiful monument in celebration of the triumph of Syracuse. It may be doubted whether ancient art ever produced a more gracefully-animated and beautiful representation of a horse, or of several horses, in motion than is found on this noble decadrachm. Several of these coins bear the signatures of the artists whose skill produced them. One name in particular, "Kimon," is conspicuous on the dolphin below the head of the beautiful Persephone. This work marked the climax of Syracusan art in the beautifying of coins. It may be said that it marked the high-water limit of all art in the adornment of money. This coin must be classed with the noblest achievements of ancient art, not only with the engraved gems and ornamented pottery, but with the statues, friezes of temples, mosaics, and paintings in which the Greeks demonstrated their superlative taste and artistic skill. The flat and inartistic heads and images on the coins of to-day would indicate an absence of that elegant taste which made the Greeks famous for art. What a contrast

the head of Liberty on the American dollar is to the head of Persephone on the decadrachm of Syracuse! How much inferior the American eagle is to the eagle of Ptolemy! How inartistically flat and how contemptible is the head of Columbus on the Columbian coin as compared with the noble head of Poseidon on the tetradrachms of Antigonus, or the head of young Hercules on the coins of Alexander! Why should there not be a display of art on the money of the civilized nations of the earth in this age as there was in the days of Alexander and Pericles, of Lysippus and Phidias? The fault is in the people. They lack the taste, the love for the beautiful, which demands high art expression in the common things of life. Their ideas of utility are gross, mean, and unphilosophical. They have not lifted their minds up to the thought of the utility of the beautiful. We are still in the age of the ugly and conventional. To make a coin *beautiful*, to give it *artistic* value, to stamp it with *genius*, with the *glorious*, *immortal conceptions* of the *sculptor*, that is beyond the dull appreciation of a utilitarian nation, which has

lost, or rather has never caught, the spirit of the elegant and intellectual Greeks.

Is there nothing left in art possibility for the creative, or at least the inventive, genius of Americanism to do? Is there no more originality in art to be expected of humanity? Do our huge piles of expressionless, characterless, but utilitarian brick and mortar prove a lack of architectural originality and taste? Do our insipid Liberty heads prove a gross, mean, sordid indifference to the beauty and artistic merit of our national money? There does not seem to exist in the American brain that universal, classical taste which once demanded that art should touch all things with beauty, and minister to the refinement and the pleasure of the common mind and the common life. Nor have we as yet developed that national pride in art that "made the old times splendid"—when the mints of Athens, Rhodes, and Syracuse were coining money which, to the remotest ages of posterity, was destined to celebrate the genius, power, and culture of those splendid cities and refined peoples. Is there a glorious future to American art? Shall the

utility of art yet be appreciated? Shall high *art* become as common as *money*, and come to all classes at all hours with its ministry of beauty and delight? And shall that high art be controlled by the religious feeling and aspiration of our Christianity, as Greek art was controlled by the Olympian religion? Shall it give expression to the refined imagination, the classical taste, the intelligent patriotism, and the sanctified aspirations of this new Christian life and civilization?

IV.

Engravings and Etchings.

ALBERT DÜRER (WOOD ENGRAVING)

IV.

WHEREVER it may find its motive, art, like literature, employs various modes of expression. Sculpture, architecture, painting, ceramics, engraving, and etching are at its command as sensuous mediums for setting forth the ideas of beauty with which it becomes inspired.

Of all the possible modes of art expression, painting has the advantage, by reason of its command of the widest range of subjects, and especially on account of its mastery of the element of color, a potent factor in an artistic realization of the beautiful. Notwithstanding Ruskin's strong and constant accentuation of "the sacredness of color," and "the sanctity of color," this color element in art often misleads the common eye, or rather the common eye often misuses and abuses color, by demanding too much of it. All too frequently do so-called artists minister to the vulgar demand for color, and subordinate, nay, sacrifice all other elements and principles to mere paint.

Color, like sweet charity, is often made to cover a multitude of sins—sins of composition, drawing, and interpretation. Art reaches not only its highest and most comprehensive expression, but also its lowest, most limited, and superficial representation in painting.

In the modes of architecture and sculpture, art reached its perfection among the Greeks in the achievements of Phidias, Lysippus, and Praxiteles. The Greeks were also painters, but, though we trust the most glowing traditions, they did not, with all the talents of Apelles, Protogenes, and Parrhasius, bring painting to anything approximating the excellence of their sculpture and architecture. It was left to the moderns to perfect this branch of art. In the work of Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian, Rembrandt, Claude, Millet, Turner, Meissonier, Rossetti, Alma Tadema, and Israels, painting has come to a splendor and glory equal to that which crowned the achievements of the sculptors and architects of ancient Athens.

When we study art in the form of engraving, or etching, we look upon an exclusively modern invention. This statement holds good

only when we keep in mind the association of engraving proper, and the printing of engravings. Engraving of stone and metals, as on monuments, tablets, gems, and coins, was carried to as high a degree of perfection as painting and sculpture by the ancients. This is sufficiently evident to those who have examined the precious stones or gems, and studied the Assyrian and Egyptian monuments of the Louvre and the British Museum, or become interested in numismatics. But, though the ancients may have used engraved precious stones—crystal, onyx, emerald, amethyst, and ruby—as seals, and may have stamped the wax or clay with the image and legend cut into the stones, nevertheless it did not occur to them to print an engraving on cloth, wood, papyrus, or any other substance, by the use of inks. This art, or this part of the art of engraving, is modern.

The general term "engraving" is commonly applied to any picture in black and white, which is printed from blocks or plates, as newspapers are printed from type. The substance engraved may be wood, copper, zinc, steel, stone, silver, or gold. The artist

works upon these blocks or plates, of whatever substance, from which the printer obtains the impression—engraving, lithograph, or etching, as it may be—which we must often come to prize as a work of highest art.

There are five principal styles of engraving, using the term engraving in its general significance. These styles are—the wood-cut, the copper or steel in line and stipple, the mezzotint, the lithograph, and the etching.

The wood-cut is printed from a wood block, upon which the artist has engraved his design by cutting away the substance so as to leave the lines in relief. The block is then inked like type, and the engraving printed from it, precisely as a newspaper is printed.

The history of wood-engraving is an interesting study in itself, particularly at this time when it is enjoying its third great and most triumphant revival.

Wood-engraving dates back to the origin of printing; indeed, to an earlier period than that of the invention of movable type. Albert Dürer's work will ever be recognized as the first truly artistic achievement in the history of wood-engraving. His cuts, however, are

not to be compared with the exquisite work of our day.

Nothing is more interesting, either to the bibliophile or the student of the history of art, than the early book illustrations. The Biblia Pauperum, Nuremberg Chronicle, editions of Dante, Æsop, and Ovid, and certain Books of Hours, are filled with illustrations in wood-cut which show the vigor and beauty of engraving in its earliest developments. But even such masters as Wolgemuth, Dürer, and Holbein did not see all the possibilities of the wood-cut as they came to be revealed under the almost wizard touch of Bewick, who, at the close of the last century, revived the art of wood-engraving. Nor did the ingenious Bewick dream of such perfection in his own branch of art as our recent modern wood-engravers have attained.

The early masters worked more seriously and more confidently in the metals. In the development of metal-engraving many styles were invented, such as line, stipple, mezzo-tint, and etching.

In the production of the line engraving upon copper, the artist cuts or plows the lines

into the plate with the burin, so that the lines of the design are sunken into the substance just the reverse of the wood-cut, where the lines are raised by the cutting away of the surrounding substance. These lines, or furrows, of the copper-plate, are filled with ink, while the remaining smooth portion of the plate is kept clean. In printing, the paper takes up the ink from the ink-filled furrows, and in this manner the line engraving is produced. Among the celebrated line engravers, whose works it is desirable that one should possess, may be mentioned Dürer, Marcantonio, Aldegraver, Lucas Van Leyden, Goltzius, Raphael Morghen, Audran, Drevet, Longhi, Edelinck, Nanteiul, Masson, Sharp, Strange, Wille, and Müller.

The beautiful stipple-work of Bartolozzi, by which, at the close of the eighteenth century, he became the founder of a school, will always hold an important position in the history of engraving, while the lithographic work of such masterly artists as Charlet, Vernet, Gericault, Gavarni, and Raffet must be recognized as having reached as high a plane of true art as the work of the best line-engravers,

if not of the foremost etchers. The mezzotint is a very beautiful form of engraving, discovered, or invented perhaps, by Prince Rupert. In its development, the copper-plate is first roughened by a toothed wheel or cradle, so that, if it were inked, after this process of roughening, the print taken from it would be a rich, velvety black. This plate is now subjected to a process of scraping; the lights are scraped in, or the copper is scraped away, to secure the whites and grays. The result is one of the richest and most beautiful, if not artistic, engravings that can be produced. Among the most accomplished mezzotint engravers to be named are such men as Prince Rupert, Lupton, Earlom, Cousens, and Charles Turner, the engraver of the *Liber Studiorum*, after J. M. W. Turner.

The etching is a print taken from a copper plate, into which has been bitten by acid the design of the artist. "Know ye what etching is? It is to ramble on copper; the copper-plate is not cut or engraved by a tool," but it is covered with a thin coat of wax, and the artist works in this wax with a steel needle that lays bare the copper for the action of the

mordant. The mordant simply takes the place of the burin, with which the line-engraver plows his lines into the copper-plate. The acid eats the plate only where it has been exposed by the etching-needle; the wax coating protects the other portions of the plate. After the plate has been sufficiently exposed to the action of the acid in a bath, the wax is removed from the protected parts, and the lines, which have been eaten out by the acid, are filled with ink, as in a pure line-engraving. In printing, the paper takes up this ink out of the furrows and holds—an etching.

Dry-point etching is a misnomer. In a so-called dry-point etching the artist works directly upon the plate with a tool, cutting the copper with the tool, instead of subjecting it to the action of the mordant. A dry-point etching is an engraving pure and simple, and not an etching or "eating."

It is agreed that of all so-called engraving, etching is the highest art. It is less mechanical, and it gives the artist more freedom than the line-engraving. Here the maximum in results may be produced with the minimum of mechanical labor. A thought may find ade-

quate expression in more simple, graceful, spiritual form in the etching than in any other mode of art, with the possible exception of painting.

> . . . "The etcher's needle on its point
> Doth catch what in the artist-poet's mind
> Reality and fancy did create."

Albert Dürer is conceded to be the father of etching. He was born in 1470. While nearly all of this engraver's prints are called etchings, the greater number of them are copper-engravings; he produced but few etchings.

The works of Lucas Van Leyden, Beham, Aldegraver, Goltzius, and many others, often called "etchings," are not etchings at all, but copper-engravings, pure and simple.

Rembrandt, born in 1606, if not the father of etching, was the king of etchers. His greatest fame as an artist, and as one of the most masterly, will rest upon his painted portraits and his etchings. He produced no less than four hundred etchings, in which he displayed a consummate genius, and became the despair rather than the inspiration of all future etchers. Such masterpieces as the "Hundred Guilder," the "Three Trees," "Burgomaster Six," "Dr.

Tholinx," and "Ephraim Bonus" have secured the immortality of Rembrandt.

In France, at this same period, Claude Lorraine was not only achieving renown as a painter, but he was also placing himself at the head of the French school of etching by his artistic work with the needle. He produced one etching which is considered to this day the most beautiful work of the kind in existence; it is called "Le Bouvier." It may, however, be difficult to persuade some good judges of the beautiful that Claude's "Le Bouvier" is more beautiful than Rembrandt's "Three Trees," or Haden's "Shere Mill Pond," or "Sunset in Ireland."

There came a long decline of the art of etching after the glorious days of Rembrandt and Claude. Line-engraving superseded etching, and attained to marvelous perfection. Mezzotint engraving was invented, then the stipple on copper, the lithograph, and, last of all, engraving on steel. The uninformed often call the engravings of Morghen, Longhi, Audran, Edelinck, Masson, and Nanteiul "steel engravings." They are copper-plate engravings. Steel-engraving was not practiced until

about 1820. The claim is made that the first successful steel-engraving published is that of Wilkie's "Broken Jar," illustrating Coxe's "Social Day." This style of engraving almost immediately reached its perfection in the exquisite vignettes from Turner's sketches, which illustrated Campbell's and Rogers's Poems, and especially the latter's poem on Italy. The best steel-engravers were Goodall, Wallis, Allen, Miller, Radcliffe, Hollis, Heath, and the Findens.

It will be noticed in the development of any new method of engraving that it quickly comes to its perfection, and seems to spring at once to its highest possibility for the time; then, as there is nothing more to be realized in that direction, inventive genius turns to the introduction of some new style, or to the revival and improvement of an old style. Steel-engraving had no more than reached the limit of its possibilities when etching again made its appearance. Since "the thirties" the art-world has been enjoying a Renaissance of etching. Charles Jacque, the celebrated sheep painter, should have the honor, more than any other one man, for having led this revival. An ar-

tistic etcher himself, he prepared the way for the appearance of such masters as Meryon, Lelanne, Flemang, Haden, Whistler, Macbeth, Rejon, Waltner, Legros, Le Forte, Jacquemart, Bracquemond, Jacquet, and Zorn, with a mighty host of lesser lights.

Etchers are classified as productive, or painter etchers, and reproductive etchers. The productive, creative, or painter-etcher holds the highest place. He has a genius for original work; he creates. Nature gives him the motive, and imagination comes to his aid in the artistic elaboration of his motive. His production is an art creation, and it bears the impress of his thought, feeling, and individuality. The reproductive etcher is, in a sense, a copyist. He simply reproduces the works of a painter, the landscape, marine, animal, still-life, or portrait of another artist's invention. He does not compose, invent, create. Nature does not give him his theme; imagination does not guide his needle. He is less artist than artisan. The etcher is often both a painter-etcher of creative genius, and a reproductive etcher of imitative talent. It ought to be possible for the original artist-

etcher to copy or reproduce, although he seldom finds his genius consenting to it. Not so with the reproductive etcher. He may copy to perfection, and become a veritable master of the technique and mechanical processes and possibilities of etching; but to invent, to compose, to originate, is above his aim, if not beyond his power. The great painter etchers, by which we mean those who etch from nature, as painters paint or sketch from nature, are Dürer, Rembrandt, Claude, Van Dyck, Van Ostade, Ruysdael, Jacque, Meryon, Corot, Millet, Haden, Whistler, Haig, Legros, and Zorn. To this list may be added the somewhat lesser lights in the etching world: Appian, Lelanne, Daubigny, Jonkind, Israels, Bracquemond, Gravesands, Pennell, and Van Muyden.

The leading reproductive etchers are Flemang, Le Forte, Unger, Jacquet, Rejon, Macbeth, and Waltner, whose etching of Millet's "Angelus" is justly celebrated. The etchers who have excelled in portrait work, whether they have etched from the living subjects or from paintings, are Rembrandt, Van Dyck, Rejon, Waltner, Flemang, and Le Forte.

The reproductive etcher will often command higher prices for his work than the painter etcher. As a rule, the masterpieces of the former are larger and more important pictures than those of the latter, demanding more time and even more skill and painstaking mechanical labor. The works, therefore, of Waltner, Flemang, and Jacquet will command, on publication, much larger prices than the works of such masters as Jacque, Meryon, Millet, Whistler, and Haden. Whether the future will pay more for the work of these reproductive etchers than of the creative etchers may be doubted. It is the old question of the rivalry between the imitative talent and skill, and the inventive genius and power.

The money value of a master's etching will generally, among other things, depend upon its "state" and condition. What are known as the different "states" of a plate depend upon changes which the artist has from time to time made in the plate after its original publication. The "first state" of the plate is as it was originally finished and printed. After a certain number of etchings have been printed from the plate, the artist may conclude to

change it by putting in or taking out a bit of sky, a tree, a figure, or a building. Whatever the change may be, whether important or trifling, the plate is now in the "second state;" prints from this plate are in the "second state." If another change is made after the second state has been issued, the prints taken from the plate will be in the "third state," and so on. Many etchings exist in only one state—that is to say, the plates have not been changed since they were first finished and the prints from them were originally published.

There is often much confusion in the minds of novices in etching collecting, occasioned by an inability to define clearly the difference between a "proof" and a "state." It is difficult to show just the distinction, because the term "proof" originally applied to engravings, but the term "state" never, properly. The term "proof" has in quite recent times been applied to etchings, so that to some minds "proof" and "state" are synonymous, and convey the same idea. This should not be; the terms are not equivalent. As we have suggested, one "state" differs from another by virtue of a change which the artist himself has made in

the body of the etching. "Proofs," whether of an engraving or an etching, represent not different states and conditions of the plate proper, but rather simply different conditions of the margin as to its lettering.

Proofs are of four kinds: first, the "artist's proof," which is before all letters; second, "proof," or "proof before letter," the engraver's name and the painter's, if there be one, appear on the lower margin; third, the "open-letter proof," on the bottom margin appear the names of the engraver and printer and the title of the painting, printed in outline or open letters; fourth, the "common print," with all the lettering printed on the margin in full, solid type. All engravings are not necessarily published in four different proof conditions. Many are printed in only one proof, which is really no "proof" at all, as it is only in the full-lettered, common-print condition. What are known as "trial proofs" and "unfinished proofs" are printed for the artist only, to aid him in the development and finishing of the plate, and are not published—they are not intended for the public. They must be classed by themselves as complete works, on which

it would be unfair to pass either favorable or unfavorable criticism; hence, in the strictest sense, they do not belong with the creations of art so correctly as with the curiosities of art.

When we apply the term "proof" to an etching, it generally has the same meaning as when it is applied to an engraving, and, although the number of different proofs has been increased to take in what we know as the "signed artist's proof" and the "remarque proof," nevertheless, it will hold good that the term "proof" signifies the condition of the margin, which, with the autograph signature and the Remarque, may number six different kinds.

There may be an unlimited number of "states" of an etching. If the artist choose, he may change the plate to thousands of "states." The kinds of proofs, however, are limited usually to two or three; at the furthest to six. Every new "state" of a plate can not be called a new kind of "proof," nor, indeed, can every new kind of "proof" be called a new "state." The plate may change in "proof" without changing in "state." It may pass from "artist's proof" to "proof before letters,"

and to "open-letter proof," and to the common full-lettered print, without changing its "state." All these changes take place in the lettering or other marginal additions, which are not an essential part of the etching. A change of "state" involves a change, however important or insignificant, in the etching itself, not simply in the lettering or any other subscript or addenda of the margin.

Modern etchers have added many appendages to their work, the like of which were unknown to the masters, if not ignored by them as trifling. While these additions are always expensive to the collector, and doubtless remunerative to the publisher, if not to the artist, they often seriously detract from the artistic interest and harmony of the etching. An etching which is signed by the painter and by the etcher, and bears the "Remarque" and then a pencil-sketch, is a medley of etching, drawing, and calligraphy, which is out of all harmony with the unity of high art. Take one of the most successful etchings of the reproductive artist, Flemang—the Chandos Portrait of Shakespeare. It will have to be called "the signed — artist's — Remarque — pencil-

sketched—vellum proof." On the lower margin are three objects to divert the eye from the portrait itself; namely, the autograph of the etcher, the Remarque head of David Garrick, and also of Edwin Booth, and a pencil-sketch of Shakespeare's birthplace. Thus the attention and interest are divided up among five objects, each appealing for recognition. Only two items are wanting to constitute this etching a veritable museum, or curiosity-shop, on vellum—the autographs of Shakespeare and of the painter of the Chandos Portrait. If these appendages are of no interest, they should not be there. If they are of interest, by so much are they diverting to the eye. There should be nothing on the margin of the etching to divide the interest and attention between it and the portrait. If it be desirable to have the etcher's indorsement of his own work, better by far have it on the back than on the front of the etching. Why should not the etchings of modern masters be able to stand on their artistic merits with those of Rembrandt and the other old masters? The "Remarque" is only a modern fad, by which publishers, and some artists, yield to the demand for "rarities,"

"limited editions," "uniques," and thereby prostitute high art to a curiosity, to a freak, simply for the satisfaction of vulgar whimsicality. Glory to masters like Haden, Whistler, old Rembrandt, and their whole kingly tribe, who have not found it necessary to put the prop of a Remarque on an etching to bolster it up, and make it stand on any other than its own merit! If the etching is a success, the Remarque is not necessary; if it is a failure, the Remarque will not save it. In any case, it is a diverting, distracting, and impertinent intruder, which should be banished from the realm of artistic etching.

The value of a valuable etching, as stated above, generally depends upon its "state."

As a rule, the "first state" etching, like the "artist's proof" engraving, is the most valuable; often it is extraordinarily more valuable than the subsequent states. The reason for this may be found in its rarity rather than in its superior excellence, though the first state should, naturally, be richer and more perfect than any subsequent state after the plate has been worn. Haden's, Whistler's, Claude's, Van Ostade's, Van Dyck's, Dürer's, and Rem-

brandt's etchings are valued from five dollars up into the hundreds, and even the thousands. A fine specimen of Claude's "Le Bouvier," in the "first state," is worth from five hundred to seven hundred dollars. Some of Haden's etchings, in certain states, are worth almost as much. Rembrandt's work, however, stands at the head in point of value as well as artistic merit. The "Hundred Guilder" etching, or "Christ Healing the Sick," sold at auction, in the Price sale, for $5,900; in the Duke of Buccleugh's sale it fetched $6,500; and in the Halford sale it went as high as $8,750. There are but nine copies of the first state of this etching known to exist, and six or seven of these are in public collections, not to be had at any price by private collectors. Another rare and very expensive Rembrandt etching is the portrait of Dr. Tholinx. One of these little portraits fetched at auction, in the Griffith's sale, no less than $7,550, and was bought by Rothschild, of Paris. Of this etching, but four exist in the first state, and three of these are in public collections. The etching known as "Ephraim Bonus" sold in the Halford sale for $9,750. Of these, there are but three known copies in

the first state. The second state of this etching would not be valued above five or six hundred dollars.

The highest price ever paid for an engraving or etching was given for "Rembrandt Leaning on a Sword." It was sold in the Halford sale, and realized the remarkable sum of $10,000.

The three hundred and eighty-six Rembrandt etchings belonging to the Duke of Buccleugh's collection were sold at public auction for $87,000. The British Museum's collection would doubtless be valued at two or three times this amount, and the collection at the Louvre at a still higher sum.

By these figures it will appear that a fine collection of etchings may be worth a fortune. Nevertheless, a lover of art, whose means will not permit him to make an extraordinary collection, may yet be able, with a moderate sum of money, to secure an ordinary collection, which will give him life-long pleasure and satisfaction. A good etching is worth more than a poor painting, and will cost less. A hundred-dollar etching, as a rule, is worth more than a hundred-dollar painting; and a

five-hundred or thousand-dollar collection of etchings will furnish incomparably greater pleasure to any art lover than a single painting of equal value. With not an extravagant amount of money one can make up a very considerable collection, including landscapes by Haden, Lelanne, Appian, Gravesands, Pennell, Gifford, and Farrar; portraits by Rejon, Waltner, Flemang, Le Forte, and Zorn; lions, tigers, and horses by Van Muyden; still-life, vases, and armour by Jacquemart; architectural interiors and exteriors by Meryon and Haig; bits of Venice by Whistler; working peasants by Millet; sheep and chickens by Jacque; landscapes and marine views by Claude Lorraine; heads by Van Dyck; Dutch interiors by Van Ostade; heads, beggars, landscapes, and Scriptural subjects, by Rembrandt.

V

Artistic Book-Bindings.

BINDING, SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. (WOOD ENGRAVING.)

V.

THE invention of the printing-press furnished the demand for a new art. Although manuscripts, richly illuminated with vari-colored capitals and painted illustrations heightened with gold, were often preserved in ornamented cases, the printed book necessitated the invention of bookbinding as an industry, and this industry opened a new realm for decorative art in the beautifying of the backs and covers of valuable books. To what extent the ancients practiced the art of book ornamentation we know not. There is a tradition to the effect that Alexander the Great carried with him on his campaigns, as an inspiring companion, a manuscript copy of Homer's Iliad incased in a richly ornamented and jeweled cover. There is nothing impossible in this tradition, if it be true that Pisistratus, as early as 550 B. C., collected and published the poems of Homer.

How the bibliomaniac would prize that copy of the Iliad, which was virtually the Bible

of Alexander the Great! He would not hesitate for a moment in his choice as between that precious manuscript and the signet-ring which the Macedonian, when dying, took from his finger and gave to his general, Perdiccas. But there were bibliophiles in those ancient times, and it is pleasant to imagine that some one of them—a Grecian Spencer, Roxburgh, Bedford, Daniel, or Lenox—may have obtained the prize. One of the old-time collectors, however, secured a prize quite as desirable as Alexander's copy of the Iliad. Apellicon was a rich bibliomaniac of Athens about 100 B. C., and in his eager search for what Dibdin would call every *rara avis* in the book mart, he heard of the original autograph manuscripts of Aristotle, which had been hidden away in Asia Minor for more than one hundred and eighty years! It can only be imagined with what true bibliophilic enthusiasm Apellicon sought for a private inspection of those precious relics of the great philosopher. What, moreover, must have been his delight—a delight which only genuine bibliomaniacs can appreciate—when he heard that these manuscripts were for sale! He took them to Athens, where they

became the glory of his already widely-celebrated library. What a find was there, my brother bibliophile!

How these manuscripts of Aristotle, or how the other rarities of Apellicon's library were bound, we do not know. Nor are we able to say more than to surmise, how the books of those days were covered, or whether or not those covers were artistically embellished. It is not unreasonable, however, to presume that a people so refined and æsthetic as were the Greeks must have taken sufficient interest in certain literary treasures to give them as beautiful a dress as art would permit and the love of letters could inspire. Be that as it may, when the printed book came it made its appearance in the midst of all the artistic glory of the Renaissance, and it reflected, in its typographical beauty, the influence of a revival and development of taste. The advent of the printed book was hailed not only by the scholars of the age, but by those aristocratic and royal patrons of learning, who, though often lacking in literary attainments, were not wanting in that love of the beautiful which their power and wealth enabled them to cultivate,

and then to satisfy. Early in the history of book production there was developed the love of books, and with it a mania for book collecting. Those generous-minded men of taste, who had the means and the disposition to accumulate the noblest examples of painting, were also actuated by the prevalent art-feeling of the time to give their books a worthy and elegant dress. Moreover, there must have existed in the minds of certain patrons of art and letters a laudable curiosity to discover new possibilities of art, and to learn, by experiment, what fresh triumphs it had the power to achieve in new and untried fields. Therefore, among the old and the recently-resuscitated arts of sculpture, painting, and architecture, there arose this new art of bookbinding and ornamentation. Covers which were made of carved ivory and of silver or of embroidered cloths can hardly be spoken of as belonging to this new art; they simply represent the application of old forms of art to new uses. When leathers, particularly choice Moroccos, were adopted as the most serviceable material for bindings, it became apparent that they were capable of receiving a high polish and a most

varied and beautiful ornamentation. The press of Aldus at Venice began thus to bind and ornament their publications as early as 1502. It was left, however, for private collectors to foster this new art, and to encourage workmen to invent and execute the most elaborate designs for the precious tomes of their own libraries. Among the patrons of bibliopegy, Grolier will ever be recognized as standing foremost. A singular mistake is often made by the uninitiated in supposing that Grolier was himself a bookbinder, who should be credited with the art of the bindings bearing his name, as though he were an early Roger Payne, Derome, Padeloup, or Duru. Hence some speak of "Grolier bindings," as they would speak of Rembrandt etchings, Cellini jewels, or Turner landscapes. Jean Grolier, born in Lyons in 1479, was a man of considerable official distinction in his time, bearing the title Viscount d'Aguisy. He was treasurer-general of the Duchy of Milan, and ambassador of Francis I to Pope Clement VII, and, finally, treasurer-general of France. Though a native of France, he resided for several years in Italy, where he identified himself with the

intellectual development of the time. On terms of intimate friendship with Aldus Minutius, he not only patronized the great publisher, and encouraged the production of the finest books for which the Aldine press became distinguished, but in his liberal and refined mind there was also born that demand and love for the art of beautiful bookbinding, which has become as distinct and powerful a passion among men of taste as the love of painting, of etching, and of sculpture. In this Grolier immortalized himself. He is known to-day, and will ever be distinguished as the patron of art and letters, while above all his official titles and political dignities will be recognized his taste, genius, and liberality in the creation of the art of bibliopegy. The only names of that time worthy to be associated with Grolier are Maiolus and Laurin, whose bindings are but little inferior to those of Grolier's famous library. Maiolus and Grolier may have employed the same craftsmen.

While the names of these liberal-minded patrons of the new art have been preserved, the names of the real workmen whose skill perfected the art, the binders and toolers who

made those precious volumes more precious still with beautiful ornamentation, have been lost. They toiled on in obscurity, perhaps without the hope of even the reward of certain posthumous fame; and if their names were ever known, they have long since ceased to be remembered. This fate of obscurity and mere oblivion to which the names of the first, if not the greatest bookbinders have been doomed, seems as unjust as would have been the fate of the names of Angelo and Raphael had their names been forgotten and had their immortal art simply reflected glory on the memories of their princely patrons or papal masters.

The rich and the royal emulated the accomplished Grolier, and by demanding for their own æsthetic delectation beautifully and even sumptuously bound and artistically tooled books they lent a stimulating inspiration to the art, which came in time to be adorned with names that are hardly less distinguished than those of the great publishers, authors, and painters of the past. Although the art of bookbinding first made its appearance in Italy, and may have been borrowed from Persia, it gained its first secure footing through French influ-

ence. Nor was it long before France rivaled and even excelled Italy. Grolier's influence was felt by Francis I, who, in his friendship for Leonardo da Vinci, and in his patronage of reviving art and learning, proved himself the intellectual brother of such rulers as Pericles of ancient Athens and Lorenzo the Magnificent, of Renaissance Florence. In his love of fine bindings, Francis was followed by Henry II, Francis II, Charles IX, Henry III, Henry IV, Louis XIII, and Louis XIV. Those monarchs seemed quite as ambitious to collect beautiful books as to accumulate rich treasure of jewels, tapestries, and paintings, while their patronage made possible the rapid and sure development of the art of bookbinding. An equally enthusiastic love of artistic binding was developed in the minds of the intellectual women of those times. Margaret of Navarre, Catherine de Medicis, Diana de Poitiers, and Anne of Austria were hardly less devoted collectors than Francis I, Henry II, and Louis XIII. In later times, it will be found, the Duchess de Berry, Countess de Verrue, Madame de Pompadour, and Marie Antoinette

were not less proud of their collections of fine bindings than were the kings themselves.

As this art developed, particularly in France, there arose schools which were as easily distinguished as schools of painting. This means nothing more than that certain binders, by their originality and superior artistic instincts, invented styles of ornamentation which came to bear their names.

The bindings collected by Grolier possess many distinguishing characteristics. In general, the designs are geometrical and arabesque, with great variety of invention. The intricate and artistic interlacing of lines and of bands of different colored leathers, or of ribbons painted in six or eight colors in combination with gold tooling, produced a most beautiful and pleasing effect. On many of these books is found the generous and liberal-minded legend, "Jo. Grolierii et Amicorum." Maiolus doubtless borrowed this hint of generosity from Grolier, and while in general his bindings are similar in the style of their ornamentation, they are somewhat more elaborate if slightly less artistic. The bindings executed

for Maiolus and Laurin are held in quite as high esteem by collectors as Grolier's, and are equally rare and expensive. It would seem that both Maiolus and Laurin followed Grolier in stamping on the covers of their books the words, "Tho. Maioli et Amicorum," and "M. Laurini et Amicorum." Sir Thomas Wotton, the "English Grolier," imitated the same legend, and decorated his Grolieresque bindings with the inscription, "Thomas Wottoni et Amicorum." When royalty began to patronize bibliopegy, the names of the binders assumed greater importance, particularly when the artist fortunately rose to the proud distinction of becoming binder to the king. It may be assumed that these were the most accomplished workmen in their profession. The invention of a new design, or rather of a new style of tooling, was the mark of superiority, and those whose names stand out in bold relief from the background of bibliopegic history are of men who originated styles which have since borne their name. As we speak of Titianesque, Raphaelesque, and Turneresque paintings, so too we as justly and discriminatingly speak of Grolieresque, Gasconesque, and

Evesque bindings. For a time the Grolier style of artistic, geometrical bindings was imitated, but soon the possibilities of extensive variety in ornamentation revealed themselves, and binders began to break away from the imitative and strike out new lines and venture into new fields. It became evident that to break the monotony of mere geometrical lines and interlacing of lines would be to open a new and endless world of variety to the inventive genius, taste, and skill of the bibliopegist.

Among the first names to appear in the list of definitely known bookbinders are Tory, Roffet, Le Noir, and Le Faulcheur, who worked for Francis I. These artists were almost slavish imitators of the Grolier binders. Geoffroy Tory was perhaps the most original of the number, and had the courage to depart from the beaten paths, and invent new designs. The binders for Henry II and Diana de Poitiers, though unknown by name, began to assert a very wholesome independence of the Grolieresque, and the higher, more varied possibilities of book embellishment began to appear with encouraging prophecies of the achievements of the near future. It was not

until the characteristic work of Nicholas and Clovis Eve appeared that a new school in book-tooling was recognized. The geometrical, interlacing lines and fillets and the coat-of-many-colors style gave way to an elaboration of purely gold tooling, combining many rich, varied, and often fantastic designs. The *semis* in book-tooling was carried to perfection by the Eves, if not first invented or introduced by them. The royal bindings now often have the covers sown with *fleurs-de-lis*, or tongues of fire, or the royal cipher and crown; at the center is the royal arms. This ornamentation in particular appears on the books of Henry III, Henry IV, and Louis XIII.

But the most characteristic tooling of the Eves consists of the leaves, flowers, and branches which fill up the geometrically designed compartments of the cover. Here in rich profusion and variety are palm and laurel in gracefully curving branches. The lily, marguerite, and conventional *fleurs-de-lis* are prodigally lavished and disposed with infinite taste and invention on the covers, producing almost the dazzling and splendid effect of a jewel. This work marked an epoch in the history of

book-tooling, and became the standard of a new school. The books of Marguerite de Valois furnish the most elaborate and beautiful examples of Eve's tooling. The fanfare examples of tooling found on many of De Thou's books have been attributed to the Eves, but often without sufficient reason. The celebrated collector, De Thou, who inherited from his father a magnificent library, became a devoted patron of the most artistic binders of his day. While the larger number of his books are very plainly bound, ornamented simply with his arms in the center of the covers, and his monogram on the back, yet there are several specimens from his library which are most elaborately and artistically tooled. He seems, however, to have cared more for good leathers and honest, substantial forwarding than for mere ornamentation and tooling. Macé Ruette, binder to Louis XIII and Anne of Austria, was a very skillful workman, and produced effects which might be compared very favorably with Eve's bindings. He was not, however, a man of genius, and can not be said to have invented a style or established a school. The most original binder to follow the Eves

was Le Gascon. Some will insist that he was the most original and inventive binder in his decorative style since the Grolier artists. Without discussing the moot question of his identity, Le Gascon stands out in bold relief from the background of bibliopegic history. He was the master, if not the inventor, of the *pointelle*, tooling which consists of innumerable little points, taking the place of the solid and continuous line, in elaborate, complicated, and lacelike designs. The effect is most delicate, artistic, and beautiful. Le Gascon often used different colored leathers in mosaic work as a background for his tooling. The collections of Condé, Maria Theresa, and Louis XIV were rich in Le Gascon bindings. Fine specimens of this master bring prices scarcely inferior to the work of the Eves, or of the Grolier library. Among the foremost patrons of artistic bookbinding following De Thou, besides those already just mentioned, were Pieresc, De Puy, Kenelm Digby, and Cardinal Mazarin. These all, to a greater or less extent, patronized Le Gascon.

A reaction now sets in against the elaborate style of tooling, which has been carried

to the height of perfection, and has, perhaps, exhausted invention. There may have been a feeling that good taste not only demanded less display, less elaborate and excessive ornamentation, but also that the sewing and forwarding of books had been neglected in the interests of tooling. Boyer seems to have led the reaction, and bound his books in good, strong fashion, emphasizing the sewing and forwarding; selecting good, honest leathers, and making a specialty of the much-prized *doublures*, covering both the inside and outside of the boards with leather. He was very sparing of tools, and seemed to think that a good piece of highly-polished morocco was a thing of beauty in itself. Some of the finest specimens of Boyer's work bear the arms of the celebrated scholar and statesman, Colbert, the Secretary of State to Louis XIV. Doubtless the three greatest names in the history of French book-collecting are Grolier, De Thou, and Colbert. The distinguished abilities and achievements of Colbert in the domain of statesmanship lift his name far above the other two in the history of his country, but Grolier and De Thou may claim an equal eminence with the great min-

ister in their patronage of letters, and their generous devotion to book-collecting and to the art of bookbinding. Among other patrons of Boyer and of his severe, honest style, mention may be made of Longepierre, Flechier, Count von Hoyn, and, especially, Louis XIV. DuSeuil seems to have affected the plainness and strength which Boyer emphasized. It is supposed that he bound many of the books of Louis XIV, Hoyn, Duchess de Berry, Madame de Maintenon, and Countess de Verrue, who delighted in the beautiful, and, to their credit, gave encouragement to the growth of taste and culture, while they surrounded themselves with the productions of master minds in art and letters. With Padeloup and Derome there came a revival of the elaborate and more ornamental style of tooling. These artists distinguished themselves for their *dentelle*, or lace-like borders. An open, untooled space was left in the center of the covers, while the borders were very delicately and beautifully tooled in a great variety of designs.

In the midst of the filigree-work will often appear flowers, birds, and even conventional

forms of the harp. These artists, and Padeloup in particular, also excelled in mosaic binding, ornamenting the boards in many colored leathers with great skill and taste. Padeloup and Derome both worked for Louis XV and Marie Leczinska, and for the Mesdames de France, Adelaide Victorie and Sophia. Again it is found that the women of taste are quite as enthusiastic in their support of this elegant art of bookbinding as are the scholarly and refined among the sterner sex. If it can not be said that Louis XVI had the æsthetic instincts of such monarchs as Francis I, Henry III, Henry IV, and Louis XIII, his queen, the beautiful but unfortunate Marie Antoinette, was devoted to the arts with an intelligence and taste which should place her name among such book-collectors of her sex as Pompadour, Maintenon, Verrue, Leczinska, Marguerite de Valois, and Catherine de Medici. Books from her library, bound quite plainly with her arms in the center of the covers, are held in high esteem, and have a value, derived from association, far above bindings of more fanciful designs and extravagant tooling from other libraries.

Artistic binding in England never reached the perfection to which it attained in France. At first, during the reign of Henry VIII and Elizabeth, the artists were but unskillful copyists, so that even the books of Wotton were but bungling plagiarisms of the Grolier bindings. Elizabeth had less love for beauty than for power, and, although commerce and letters revived with astonishing rapidity during her illustrious reign, she does not seem to have particularly encouraged the revival of that æstheticism which had already made Italy splendid, and was lifting Spain and Holland to a station where they might justly be compared to the art-loving and art-producing nations of antiquity. The books of Queen Elizabeth, covered for the most part with velvet and embroidery, or with dull brown leather stamped with the crowned Tudor rose, show the lack rather than the possession of high art. Nor do the imitations of Italian and Lyonese bindings affected by the book-collectors, augur well for an originality which will be inventive and artistic enough to form a distinctly English school. From the age of Henry VIII to the enlightened reign of Victoria, not more

than four or five names stand out with any very conspicuous representative character in the history of English bookbinding. Thomas Berthelet, Sam Marne, Roger Payne, and Cobden Sanderson represent all that is valuably original in their art in England. Berthelet, in the time of Henry VIII, was a somewhat boastful and pretentious binder. Following Caxton, Wynken de Worde, and Pynson, he stands among the early English printers, but is more conspicuous as a binder. His tooling was an imitation of the Venetian and Lyonese art, and had little if any value of originality. Sam Marne was bookbinder to King Charles II, and may have bound for Evelyn and Pepys. His work reminds one of the severe, plain, and honest bindings of Boyer and DuSeuil of France, although his tooling was somewhat more delicate. He owed these binders nothing, however, as he preceded them by a few years. Perhaps we shall have to credit Marne with having been the first characteristically English artist in bookbinding, although he had studied the work of French and Italian binders to advantage. It is to the honor of this artist that the intelligent collector can tell his

work at sight quite as accurately as he can tell a work of Derome, Le Gascon, or Boyer. His binding is undeniably characteristic, unique, Marneish.

Roger Payne, one hundred years later, came not so much to revive as to create the glory of English bibliopegy. Some admirers would have the sun of the English bookbinding art rise and set in his career. He was as inventive and original a genius as Geoffrey Tory, or Nicholas Eve, or Padeloup. Whence Payne derived his art, it would be impossible to say. There were certainly no English masters to instruct him, as English bookbinding had fallen into sad decadence. In France the art began to decline after Padeloup and Derome, so that Payne may be considered the only master of his time, the time just preceding and during the French and the American Revolutions. That this new and artistic master took advantage of both the Le Gascon *pointelle* and the Derome *dentelle* styles of tooling is sufficiently evident. The merit, however, of his work is to be found in the perfection of every part, in the sewing, forwarding, selection of material, and the elegance of the tooling. It

is difficult to conceive how so shiftless, untidy, and drunken a fellow as Payne was could have possessed such refinement, pure taste, patience, and skill as are revealed in the work of his little, filthy bindery. Who that has ever admired the delicate and graceful flowers composing his elegant *dentelle* borders, or the infinite gold dots filling the corners of his covers with a Le Gasconesque suggestion of the beautiful, can reconcile in the single remarkable character of Roger Payne, the artist and the vagabond, the spirit of the salon and the spirit of the slums?

The binders who followed Payne were many of them excellent craftsmen, but not one of them could be called an original artist. Kolhoeber, Lewis, Hering, Pratt, Mackenzie, Haydey, and Francis Bedford have left specimens of their skill which speak of honest, conscientious work throughout. Up to the point of tooling, up to the beautiful art of ornamentation, these binders leave little to be desired; but in the realm of design, in style, they lack the genius and originality of masters.

The wonderful, if not limitless, possibilities of bibliopegy seem once more emphasized in

the original conceits of Cobden Sanderson. The binderies of Revierre, Zehensdorf, Morrell, and others, were producing only fairly creditable work in the line of tooling until Sanderson began his career as an amateur bookbinder. His work spurred up the whole English bookbinding world, as it should have done. And now the Dove Bindery, founded by this new master, finds itself rivaled by all the above-named establishments, until it would seem that England had entered upon its bookbinding renaissance, when, for the first time in its history, it promises to rival France. But France is still well in the lead in many particulars, and may easily give England lessons in the art.

For durable work, perfection of sewing, choice and polish of the moroccos, accurate line-tooling, deep, solid, burnished gilding, the French are still incomparable. The work of David, Ruban, Lortie, Gruel, and Chambole-Duru is of more substantial and artistic finish than the English binders can produce. It must be said, however, that these French binders have learned little that is new since the days of Derome and Padeloup. In the work of Thou-

venin, Cuzin, Cape, Marius, Michael, and the living binders, they have very successfully imitated every style from Grolier's time to their own; but they are to-day lacking in originality, in which particular alone the English are rapidly coming to the front with the promise of superiority.

If bookbinding as a fine art has not reached first-class excellence in America, it is at least on a level with American painting, sculpture, and architecture. Some good, honest work has been produced by Matthews, Bradstreet, and Steickman, the very best of which may be favorably compared with the bindings of Bedford, Revierre, and Zehensdorf of England. Nevertheless, there is little or no originality of style to be discovered in them, and they may hardly be said to constitute an American school. The hope of high development in this art in America comes from the growing demand for fine, artistic binding on the part of American bibliophiles.

The foreign binderies, like the foreign studios, are at the present time supplying the American demand for art. The time must come when some American Eve or Le Gascon,

Roger Payne, or Cobden Sanderson will discover new possibilities in this elegant and attractive art of bookbinding, and invent still another style, or a new modification and combination of styles, which will be the sure and lasting foundation of an American school. If the demand will create the supply, the future is bright with promise, and the hope may be indulged that the day is not far distant when the masterpieces of American bibliopegy will not only satisfy the most ambitious taste of home collectors, but be in demand by the art-loving bibliophiles of the civilized world.

VI.

The Poet-Painter.

D. G. ROSSETTI. (HALF-TONE.)

VI.

A TWOFOLD power for apprehending and expressing the idea of beauty has been the rare gift of those in whose personality the spirit of the poet and the spirit of the painter have met and united. From the close of the Georgian to the opening of the Victorian Age of art and song, an epochal transition may be recognized. In the midst of this progressive, if not revolutionary movement out of the old into the new culture, was born a poet-painter, who, with

"Such a pencil, such a pen,"

was destined to become

"Illustrious in two arts."

Dante Gabriel Rossetti was born in London in 1828. Shelley, Keats, and Byron had but recently passed away; the air was vibrant still with their clear, immortal tones. Coleridge, Scott, and Lamb had but a decade or less to live. Southey and Wordsworth were to catch the strains of the coming music before they

ceased to sing. The painters who had dignified English art into a school had gone. Gainsborough, Reynolds, Wilson, and West were sacred memories. Lawrence still lingered, soon to pass and carry with him the old traditions. Two great men were in their glory, but belonged more to the new era than to the old. John Constable and J. M. W. Turner were heralding the Victorian Renaissance. These men had but closed their artistic careers when there arose an anti-academic spirit which their independence, originality, and power had done much to create. This spirit was a protest against the unprogressive academic canons. It broke loose from the narrow limitations of the schools, sought a wider world, and, to its finding, advanced along the path first opened by Constable and Turner. This anti-academic movement assumed the name of Pre-Raphaelitism, more in jest, however, than in earnest. The movement was serious enough as an artistic rebellion against the established standards, but just what Pre-Raphaelitism meant, even the Pre-Raphaelites but vaguely understood. Almost simultaneously with this new departure in English art

came what for a better name may be called the Barbazon movement in France, in which Rousseau, Millet, Corot, Diaz, and Daubigny broke through the restraints of the academic mannerisms and conventionalities, and created what soon came to be regarded as the new school of French art.

The Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood, so-called, consisted of a small company of young, brilliant, and aspiring men, who essayed to inaugurate a revival of medievalism. The leading spirits of this brotherhood were Holman Hunt, John Everett Millais, and Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Perhaps the sentiment of medievalism was more pronounced in Rossetti than in Hunt or Millais, and his name, both in Victorian art and poetry, more than any other, stands for Pre-Raphaelitism.

Rossetti's father was an Italian patriot and scholar, a professor in Kings College, London, and a profound and life-long student of Dante. The name of the great poet was given to the professor's oldest son, and with the name there came the very spirit of the melancholy Tuscan.

The dawn, which broke forth into the noonday splendors of the Renaissance,

seemed to fill again the soul of one who could not but feel that in the morning of a great day of thought and endeavor there is more of hope and aim and purpose, pure and grand, than comes with the noontime glory of the perfect day. There arose before this fourteenth-century spirit the form not only of Dante, but also the shapes of Giotto, Cimabeau, Masaccio and the later Angelico, Bartolomeo, Botticelli, and Giorgione.

As Rossetti's father was saturated with Dante, his home must have been fragrant with Dantean atmosphere, and from a boy he grew to love the name he bore, and the great spirit who bore it first in song and fame. Then Ruskin early turned the English mind to the Pre-Raphaelite work, and planted those seed-thoughts in the minds of Rossetti, Hunt, and Millais, out of which sprang the romantic and idealistic Pre-Raphaelitism.

These new men looked back to catch the spirit, not to repeat the forms, of medieval art, of the art before Raphael. As they studied that art, they found it to be a hope, not a history; an aspiration not an achievement; not

even a possibility, but always a purpose sincere, earnest, and devout. This, they felt, was the need of modern art.

It may be a question long in debate as to whether realism or idealism, naturalism or romanticism, opens to art and poetry the wider field and the larger world. Idealism apprehends the nature within nature—the soul of nature, not the vestments merely. Realism, which sees not the husk, but the kernel within the husk, and pierces with its fine eye to the spiritual reality, is idealism. But a realism, or naturalism, which is only imitative, is superficial and unsatisfactory. If a song but reminds you of other days, it is not enough. If it bring before the mind's eye what the body's eye was once familiar with, or is still familiar with, and nothing more, it falls far short of art in song or painting, as does a photograph or a message from a phonograph. Singing of seas and waterfalls, of birds and stars, of daisies and of daffodils, may be overdone. Poems on pumpkins and barnyards, cornfields, spring, and beautiful snow, may bring tears from weak eyes; but only those songs can

bring tears from strong souls which reveal the Infinite beyond all petty accidents of form, and stir us to thinking the mighty thoughts that move the deepest depths of being. Like the galaxies of heaven, such thoughts throb with eternal light, uncovering to our inner vision the passion-movements of all grief and joy, the God-stirrings and strivings in the life of man and in the soul of the universe.

But there is an ear and heart in this world for all true music of whatever kind, from Burns to Milton; from Sappho to Homer; from Thomas Hood to Dante Alighieri; from the tinkling sheep-bells in the meadows to the vibrant, golden peal of the old cathedral chimes.

Rossetti belongs to the romantic and idealistic school of poetry and art. If it be claimed that he seemed to care little for nature, and had nothing to write or paint of the birds, and flowers, and trees, of landscape, meadow, stream, and hill, the claim may easily be substantiated by a glance at his themes. In these he deals with man and the spiritual forces which move him to his deeds, shape him to

his character, direct him to his destiny—with man as a duality, male and female as God created him, and with the all-controlling force of love in its various degrees of spiritual refinement and exaltation, and of its vitiations and sensualizations. Men and women, and the love between them, with all which that lifts them to, or sinks them to, is his constant theme. This is to him the realm of the romantic and the idealistic.

After Dante, perhaps Keats and Shelley are his teachers. It is claimed, however, that his first great poem, by many still regarded as his greatest, was inspired by an American poet of kindred melancholy genius with his own. "The Blessed Damozel" grew out of Rossetti's reading Poe's "Raven." It was written when Rossetti was in his twentieth year, to show the heavenly, hopeful side of that picture of which Poe had with such power shown the earthly, despairing side. The author of "The Raven" leaves the lover hopeless, deprived by death of

> **"That fair and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore."**

Rossetti would reveal the feelings of Lenore as, standing on

> "The rampart of God's house,"

the Blessed Damozel, whose

> "Voice was like the voice the stars
> Had when they sang together,"

spoke:

> "'I wish that he were come to me,
> For he will come, she said.
> 'Have I not prayed in heaven?—on earth,
> Lord, Lord, has he not pray'd?
> Are not two prayers a perfect strength?
> And shall I feel afraid?'"

But this same hopeful side did not always appear to Rossetti's muse. The larger number of his poems reveal a spirit of gloom and melancholy, often of hopelessness and despair. We do not find him enjoying life, or looking upon it with the healthy, robust sentiments of Browning and Tennyson, or with the fine optimism of our own Longfellow, Bryant, Whitman, and Lowell. He has a vein, a deep, dominating vein of asceticism, not religious, but purely emotional; and he belongs, with

Dante, Keats, Shelley, Byron, Chatterton, and Poe, to an ascetic brotherhood.

Two or three incidents throw a light on Rossetti's disposition, and show his lack of what, for a better term, we must call his practical, worldly sense.

1. Mr. T. Hall Caine has preserved this incident: The physician had left a prescription of nux vomica, for some indisposition, to be taken hourly. Absorbed with more ethereal matters, Rossetti let the hour pass, and on the arrival of another hour took a double dose; then, as he was about to depart not to be in the next hour, he thought he would take the next hour's dose with the other two. The performance nearly cost him his life, and he could never be persuaded to touch nux again.

2. He also became the victim of chloral. Taken at first to relieve insomnia, the subtle drug became his master, if not his murderer. Though he recovered from its use, he did not regain his health, which the habit had cost him.

3. When his wife died, he gathered up all his manuscripts of poetry, of which her love had been the inspiration, and placed them in

her coffin, to be buried with her. Years later he had his wife's remains exhumed to secure these very manuscripts, which he had resolved in the despair of his sorrow to keep from the world. These poems were published, and they made his fame.

4. He was sensitive in the extreme, and when criticism attacked the motive and aim of his work, it brought on insomnia, and drove him to the seductive thralldom of the chloral habit.

It was this sensitive, moody temperament, and this physical struggle for health, that colored all his thoughts in song and art. Rossetti is always serious; some have incorrectly thought, always sensual. But it was this criticism that shattered his constitution. He was a man of feeling, intense, earnest. When he read his poems to a friend he would burst into convulsive sobs, as Tennyson would weep, his cheeks wet with tears in reading his own "Maud." "The King's Tragedy" so wrought upon Rossetti's feelings that its production cost him an indisposition, from which he was able, only by greatest care and most absolute rest, to recover.

"If you wish me to weep," says Horace, "you yourself must first feel grief," or, as one has evidently paraphrased it, "Those who would make us feel, must feel themselves." Surely Rossetti makes us feel. He feels, and his feelings shake his whole being, shatter him, as the volcano shakes and shatters the mountain. We can only imagine, by their effect upon ourselves, what these poems must have cost Rossetti. "Sister Helen," "Rose Mary," "The Last Confession," and "The King's Tragedy," work our feelings up to a pitch scarcely inspired by the work of any other poet. There is no attempt at wit and humor in Rossettian strains; they are far above all this, far too deep and high for laughter. Scarce a smile passes over the melancholy face of this muse. There is tragedy here, but no comedy. The moral feeling pervading Rossetti's work belongs to the medieval Catholicism, particularly a regard for Mary, which inspired the beautiful "Ave," and gave to the world two of his most notable if not most artistic pictures, "The Girlhood of the Virgin," and "The Annunciation."

Rossetti excelled in the sonnet, although

in "Rose Mary" and "The King's Tragedy" and "The White Ship" he revealed great power in ballad poetry. The sonnet is of Italian origin, and generally expresses a single thought or sentiment in fourteen lines, divided into two groups; the major group consisting of eight lines and the minor of six. This poetical form became familiar to Rossetti in his study of Dante and the early Italian sonnet-writers. Perhaps Rossetti has given us the clearest and most philosophical definition or description of a sonnet that we possess, though it may require more than a glancing thought to find its full and satisfying meaning:

"A sonnet is a moment's monument,
  Memorial from the soul's eternity
  To one dead deathless hour. Look that it be,
Whether for lustral rite or dire portent,
Of its own arduous fullness reverent:
  Carve it in ivory or in ebony,
  As Day or Night may rule; and let Time see
Its flowering crest impearled and orient.

A sonnet is a coin: its face reveals
  The soul—its converse, to what power 't is due:
Whether for tribute to the august appeals
  Of Life, or dower in Love's high retinue,
It serve; or, 'mid the dark wharf's cavernous breath,
In Charon's palm it pay the toll to death."

It is in the sonnet that a poet speaks forth his inner self. Here he holds the mirror up to his own feeling, hope, and character. His sonnets become, then, as with Dante, Shakespeare, and Rossetti, the poetical autobiography of his real and spiritual manhood.

They are often the instantaneous photographs of the inner mood and sentiment of the man. Herein the soul unmasks itself, and stands revealed. In the dearth of information relating to Shakespeare we turn to his sonnets, therein to read the man. The sentiments which fill his tragedies and comedies give us no clue to his own feelings, beliefs, and character; but in those sonnets, among the most perfect in the English or in any other language, the real Shakespeare speaks to us face to face, mind to mind, and heart to heart. This may be said with even greater confidence of the sonnets of Dante, which Rossetti himself has done so much to make us understand.

In "The House of Life" we have a collection of sonnets which may not be excelled by any modern poet since Shakespeare. Although in "The Staff and Scrip," "The Burden of Nineveh," "Dante at Verona," "The Por-

trait," "Wellington's Funeral," "The Cloud Confines," and "The Blessed Damozel," Rossetti shows a gift for every form of poetic expression, we must turn to the one hundred and one sonnets of "The House of Life" for the pledge of his immortality as an English poet. If Tennyson and Browning are to be recognized as leading the van of Victorian singers, no one will dispute third place with Rossetti, and in the difficult realm of English sonnet even Tennyson and Browning must give him the lead, though Rossetti will acknowledge his indebtedness to these poets, no less than to Shelley, Keats, and Coleridge.

When we speak of Rossetti as the poet-painter, we do not mean that he simply paints in song and gives us word-pictures thrown on the fleeting canvas of fancy. We sometimes call Millet "the Robert Burns of Painters," and Rembrandt "the Shakespeare of art;" but in a different sense was Rossetti the poet-painter. Michael Angelo was called the four-souled man, because he was a painter, a sculptor, an architect, and a poet. That simply meant he was a poet-artist, and since his day no man has more nearly resembled him than

Rossetti, who came endowed with a twofold genius for art and song. If Angelo was the greater artist, Rossetti was the greater poet. William Blake, who died two years before Rossetti was born, was a poet and a painter, whose character and work produced a deep impression on Rossetti. His art was so original, so aspiring, so great in its attempt, if not accomplishment, and his muse was so devout and sincere, that Rossetti acknowledged the debt he owed him for his influence.

Poetry first gave inspiration to the art of the Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood. This is but history repeating itself. Homer made possible the highest art of Greece. Phidias, Praxiteles, and Apelles found their inspiration in the Iliad and Odyssey, and in the taste which the Iliad and Odyssey had inspired. It was long a question as to whether Virgil's lines in the Æneid inspired the Laocoon, or the Laocoon inspired the lines. Lessing seems willing to admit the sculptor followed the poet, rather than the poet the sculptor.

Keats gave the Pre-Raphaelites their first themes, and they set themselves the task of giving to "Isabella," "Eve of St. Agnes," and

"Belle Dame Sans Merci," art interpretation or illustration. This was in 1848, in Rossetti's twentieth year. While Hunt and Millais went to work in earnest upon Keats, Rossetti, with the more medieval spirit, if less romantic genius, painted "The Girlhood of the Virgin," and followed it with "The Annunciation," now one of the most precious works treasured in the National Gallery of London, though originally rejected by the Academy. In this work Rossetti went back to both the spirit and themes of the old Pre-Raphaelites, and seemed to carry out the thought of his sonnet on the "Old and New Art:"

"Give honor unto Luke Evangelist,
For he it was (the aged legends say)
Who first taught art to fold her hands and pray.
Scarcely at once she dared to rend the mist
Of devious symbols; but soon having wist
How sky-breadth and field-silence and this day
Are symbols also in some deeper way,
She looked through these to God, and was God's priest.

And if, past noon, her toil began to irk,
And she sought talismans, and turned in vain
To soulless self-reflections of man's skill,
Yet now, in this the twilight, she might still
Kneel in the latter grass to pray again,
Ere the night cometh and she may not work."

Have not these men taught art to once more fold her hands and pray?

Although Rossetti visited the Continent, and learned what he could of the early Italian painters, he never visited Italy to see and study Pre-Raphael art at its best. There may have been at this time a disposition among these new painters to follow the older masters in spirit, if not in the theme and in the color, to the sacrifice of scholarly design. Rossetti never did apply himself to acquiring accuracy in drawing. And hence in this particular he may not be favorably compared with Sir Edward Burne Jones or Sir Frederick Leighton.

In the highest art one essential will not be sacrificed to another. The spirit will not be sacrificed to the form, nor the form to the spirit. The thought, composition, drawing, color, and moral of the picture must harmonize in perfection; and the perfect whole must come from the blending of the perfect parts. It is unfortunate that we must ever say of a picture, "It is superb in color, but bad in drawing," or "true in drawing, but weak in coloring." Herein is the true master distinguished; he sees and masters the wholeness of art, he is

a draughtsman, a colorist, a composer, a thinker, a realist in the best sense, and an idealist; he is the painter, the artist, the master. Rossetti's invention, originality, richness as a colorist, romantic and idealistic spirit, will impress the world after his imperfections in drawing have been admitted and forgotten.

The same world of man, woman, and love that controlled his pen commanded his pencil. He does not always paint religious pictures. He finds his themes in romance, poetry, tradition, history, experience, and religion; but it is ever the romance, the poetry, the experience, the religion of man and woman, of life and love and death. He has little disposition to follow Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Lawrence in portrait-painting. Nor will he follow Turner and Constable out into nature for the motif of a landscape. He paints no frolics like Wilkie or Mulready, no seas like Stanfield, no caricatures like Rowlandson. He paints the faces and forms of women—wonderful, romantic, ideal women. What Troyon or Rosa Bonheur has done for the ox, and Turner or Claude has done for the landscape; what De

Neuville or Meissonier has done for the soldier, that has Rossetti done for woman—given her a place in modern art. In this he won the distinction which a critic has generously given him, of being "the greatest inventor of abstract beauty, both in form and color, that this age has seen." Ruskin was bold enough to say, "I believe Rossetti's name should be placed first on the list of men who have raised and changed the spirit of modern art."

The type of women found in Rossetti's pictures is peculiar, in its serious, melancholy beauty.

His wife, who became his model before and after their marriage, may be seen, with slight idealization, in many of his paintings. When she died, and other models were selected, their features were idealized to carry something of the sad and never-forgotten loveliness of that idolized wife.

These faces will never break into smiles like the faces on the canvases of Da Vinci. Rossetti never painted a Mona Lisa. Even "The Bride," one of the most charming and least melancholy of all his faces, ready to meet

the bridegroom with the kiss of love, betrays no silliness; she seems too dignified and serious in her bridal charms, even to smile save with her loving eyes.

In the "Rosa Triplex" there enters no necessary element of melancholy, but what a dignified, chaste, and ideal beauty sits upon each face! The charge of sensualism hurled at Rossetti must have been answered by the very faces of the pure and noble women that look out from his canvases. Rossetti painted less than a hundred oils during the forty years of his artistic activity. The larger number of his works remaining to us are crayons and water-colors.

Of the paintings which will take their place in the foremost rank of English art, we may mention "The Annunciation," "Mary Magdalene at the Door of Simon the Pharisee," "The Blessed Beatrice," "Pandora," "Proserpine," "The Bride," "Found," "The Blessed Damozel," and "Dante's Dream." Many years after the poet had written "The Blessed Damozel," a pure invention and creation of his own brain, he caught from it an inspiration for a

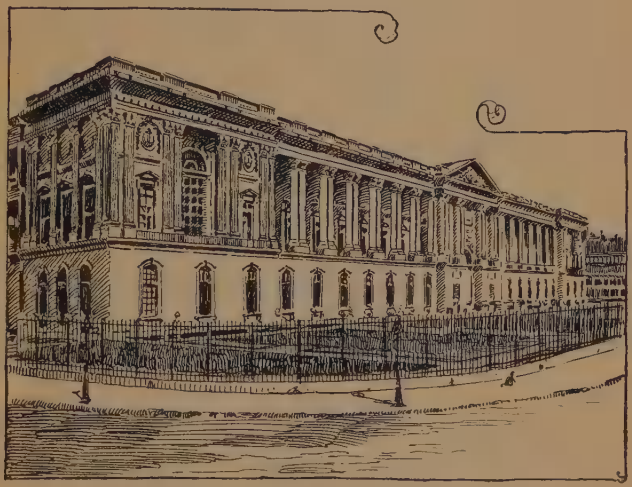
picture, and on the canvas, in the wondrous colors of the poet-artist's pencil,

> "The blessed damozel leans out
> From the gold bar of heaven;
> Her eyes are deeper than the depth
> Of waters stilled at even;
> She has three lilies in her hand,
> And the stars in her hair are seven."

Pictures also inspired poems, and Rossetti wrote a sonnet on one of Angelo's paintings, and also wrote poems on pictures painted by Da Vinci, Botticelli, Ingres, and E. Burne Jones. His own pictures of "Mary's Girlhood," "Magdalen," "Found," "St. Luke the Painter," "Pandora," and "Proserpine" inspired other sonnets. What may be considered his masterpiece, "Dante's Dream," came to him from the "Vita Nuova," and first, doubtless, when he translated the sonnets of Dante. It now belongs to the corporation of Liverpool, and hangs in the gallery. Of this work, Sir Noel Paton, one of the highest authorities, affirms: "Fifty years hence it will be counted among the half-dozen supreme pictures of the world." In Rossetti we have the most perfect harmony of art and song, the best type in history of the poet-painter.

VII.

The Art Galleries of Europe.



THE LOUVRE, PARIS. (ZINC ETCHING.)

VII.

ONE of the priceless advantages to be derived by an American from a "trip abroad," is an education in the history and development of art. The natural scenery of Europe may be duplicated, and then excelled for beauty and grandeur, in the United States. The Hudson rivals the Rhine, excepting in castles and ruins. Lake George and Lake Champlain may compete with either the English or Scottish lakes in all but romance and traditions. The Western mountain scenery is as varied and impressive as the Alps. The Yellow Stone Park, the Yosemite, and the Grand Cañon of the Colorado can not be duplicated, and there is but one Niagara in the world.

But for history, romance, antiquity, and art, the American must travel through older countries, where empires have had their rise and fall, and where the arts and sciences have had their births, and deaths, and regenerations.

One can not spend a more delightful and

profitable vacation than with the artists who have embellished European galleries with their masterpieces. A visit to these treasures is an education in art more valuable than any to be derived from books or learned lectures. To devote three months to so fascinating an occupation would seem to many a privilege beyond all estimation. But there are others who visit Europe, only to find picture-seeing infinitely uninteresting and tedious. Their eyes grow weary of paintings, and fairly ache and burn after a day in the National Gallery or the Louvre. Tourists of this class prefer the green fields and babbling brooks and the noble hills of nature to all the art in the world. What are Turner and Constable compared to old England itself? Who cares for Rousseau and Diaz, when he has the opportunity of strolling through the forests of Fontainebleau? What eyes are not spoiled for Hals, Teniers, and even Rembrandt, that have feasted on the green, quiet pastures of Holland, clothed with flocks and herds? Whom have not the Alps and the lakes of Italy rendered incapable of appreciating the colors of Raphael and Titian, which glorify Venice, Florence, and Rome?

No, let us not so libel the true lover of art. The mere vacationist, who is sight-seeing "just for fun," will complain that art is a bore. The enjoyment of a score of intelligent students may easily be destroyed by one such shallow-brained creature as this.

It is a mistake to join a company of tourists, if you desire to see the art of Europe. The writer was one day enjoying the grandest examples of Poussin and Claude that are to be seen in the Louvre, when suddenly there rushed into the room a bevy of some forty tourists on the run, led by a guide who stopped before an imposing, full-length portrait of Louis XIV, painted by Rigaud, and expatiated upon its merits for a moment, then rushed out without calling attention to, or even permitting the tourists to see, the finest French art of the seventeenth century. It is possible, however, that the guide was not wholly to blame for this absurd rushing through the art galleries. Many, or some few at least, of that company doubtless had enough art as it was, and were glad when the picture-seeing was at an end. If there is ever one bore more intolerable than another, it is the man or woman in

a company of tourists who considers art a bore, and makes it most uncomfortable for any who have sufficient culture to enjoy the beautiful, and to study the art of the greatest exponents of painting. What a world of beauty, what enchanting realms do these galleries open to the man or woman whose eyes have been educated to see and to enjoy art's immortal creations!

It is possible that one may be surfeited by an attempt to take in too much within a certain limit of time. One thing of beauty crowding upon another in quick succession may confuse the mind, and rob it of those deep and distinct impressions which masterpieces should make. Even the most devoted student will find himself bewildered amidst this opulence of beauty, and fail to carry away a clear mental concept of any one great picture. The trouble is that tourists try to see too much at once. They try to "do" a great gallery in a day, or even less. But how absurd this is when we consider that there are 1,500 pictures in the National Gallery at London, 2,000 in the Royal Gallery at Madrid, 2,500 in the Dresden Gallery, and not less than 3,000 in the

Louvre at Paris. To give each picture an examination of three minutes—and there is not a picture in the Louvre but is worth much longer inspection—would consume one month. What knowledge of such a collection can one day's visit impart? We think nothing of sitting for hours at an organ recital or an oratorio; why should we not enjoy hours and even days before such a creation of art as Murillo's "Immaculate Conception," or Raphael's "Sistine Madonna," or Rembrandt's "Night Watch?"

It may be well for one at first to take a general survey of a gallery, passing through and enjoying the pictures, as pictures, at a glance. All are noble works of art. Then one will desire to examine and study the gems of the collection, those pictures for which the gallery is noted, and which have been recognized as the masterpieces of the artists who produced them. One gallery may be noted for one picture—the finest Murillo or Raphael in the world; another for the best collection of paintings by some one great artist, such as Hals, Rembrandt, Turner, or Claude; another for the most complete assemblage of any one school, such as the English, Dutch, Flemish,

French, or Italian; and still another for its universality, its representation of all schools.

The question arises, "Where should I go to see the finest 'Raphaels,' the richest 'Titians,' the strongest 'Rembrandts,' the grandest 'Michael Angelos,' the most glorious 'Turners?' Where are the best examples of the Pre-Raphaelite masters; such as Perugino, Angelico, Signorelli, Giorgione, and Botticelli?" Information on these matters must be valuable to any one who would save time, preserve his patience, and succeed in looking upon the art which he has long possessed a worthy desire to behold and to enjoy. It will be sufficient to mention the leading galleries, and that for which they are distinguished. These will fill up a very extensive art itinerary, and relieve for the time, if they do not satiate, the æsthetic thirst of the art-loving pilgrim.

The travel and the natural scenery that intervene as the tourist passes from city to city in Europe, will be quite sufficient to rest the eyes and relieve the mind of the strain which excess of beauty may impose. There is an excitement, a mental exhilaration, a nervous strain attending picture-seeing, and es-

pecially first introduction to the world-famed masters, which taxes the physical energies to their utmost, and renders the relaxation of occasional rest necessary to one's comfort and to one's æsthetical enjoyment. Even beauty palls on the person who is physically exhausted. One needs to be rested, fresh and well, to appreciate either the sublime in nature or the beautiful in art. To rush from a train, after a long and tiresome journey, into an art gallery, or to wait until the afternoon of a hot, enervating day of general sight-seeing before visiting the art treasures, is to insure disappointment.

The masters are powerless to command the admiration of a cross, weary, exhausted tourist. Go to the gallery in the morning. Art, like nature, is then most beautiful. Go with eyes and nerves and brain rested, recuperated, and prepared for the exercise of their highest, most noble functions. Remain while enjoyment continues. But as soon as you become conscious of possessing eyes and nerves, and muscles and brain; as soon as weariness sets in, and it seems more enjoyable to sit down on that sofa and close the eyes, than to look upon

a "Correggio," "Titian," or "Guido," leave the beauties of art for the beauties of nature, and find rest in the fields, or on the lake, or up along the mountain path. Do not make the mistake of visiting the galleries on rainy days. There are tourists who are simple enough to put off picture-seeing to those days on which it is too disagreeable to see anything else. If it is too gloomy to go bathing, too hot to climb the mountains, too wet to go shopping, that is just the day simpletons will deign to "waste" in the art galleries. No, it is an insult to Titian, Tintoretto, Raphael, and Turner to deny them the advantages of the light. It was considered a compliment for Turner to take up his umbrella on a bright, sunny day, with the witty remark, "I am going to see one of Constable's pictures," since Constable was a master of cloud effects, of moist, rainy atmospheres. But one needs no umbrella in the presence of a "Titian," "Raphael," or "Rubens;" he must see these masterpieces arrayed in all the glory and splendor of morning's virgin light. The great colorists painted in the light, and with the light, and for the light. Take a bright morning for your visit to the

art gallery. After a general survey has been made, then settle down to a study of the masterpieces. Do not be tempted, allured away from them to more catching, "cute," "lovely," "comical," "pretty" pictures. Do not be tempted away from the Homers, Dantes, Miltons, and Shakespeares of art, to the Mother Goose school. Study the men who have founded schools. We speak of the Turneresque, Titianesque, Raphaelesque paintings. Become acquainted with the men who have given the world a new "esque;" these are the "masters," these are the men who have followers, disciples, and have founded schools.

Nothing is more interesting than the study of a great artist's development. To know his different manners is quite essential to a proper appreciation of his place and influence in the history of art. If one has seen Raphael only in his early manner, when he was under the influence of Perugino, he will have a very inadequate conception of what Raphael became after he had looked into the Sistine Chapel, and had received a new inspiration from the sublimity of Michael Angelo. Turner developed three styles. One would never, on sight,

pronounce "The Snow Storm," "Rain, Steam, and Speed," or "The Slave Ship," a "Turner," who had seen only "The Calais Pier," "Dido Building Carthage," or "Ulysses Defying Polyphemus," painted by the same artist in an earlier manner. His first style was like Claude Lorraine, his last like Claude Monet. Rembrandt had many manners or periods of development to which the critics are able to assign his pictures, though they bear no date.

It is well, therefore, to ask, in the presence of a "Raphael," a "Turner," or a "Rembrandt," In what period of this master's development was this work executed? One should also consider the quality and condition of the picture: "It is a fine example of the artist's best manner, or is it only a poor specimen of his work, rubbed, restored, and ruined?" The masters are to be judged by their masterpieces. It is hardly worth while to pay attention to the inferior, doubtful, "attributed," or restored "masters" of minor collections, when there are so many perfect and splendid examples in the first galleries, waiting the student's inspection and admiration.

The only place in which one sees English

art is in England. For some reason it is not found in France, Italy, Spain, Holland, or Germany. Either the English have been unwilling to part with the masterpieces of their own artists, or the other European nations have not cared enough for them or prized them sufficiently high to secure them for their galleries. In all countries may be seen the Dutch, Italian, and French masters, but the English masters stay at home. The National Gallery of London is therefore more truly national than almost any other in the world. While all schools are represented in this collection, with five or six Raphaels, eight Titians, nine by Velasquez, ten by Veronese, twelve by Claude Lorraine, fourteen by Ruysdael, fifteen by Rubens, and fifteen by Rembrandt, the English school alone here shows its utmost strength and glory. It is in this gallery that one sees landscape painting in its perfection. If the Dutch are the masters of genre, and the French of historical, and the Italians of sacred and legendary painting, the English lead the world in landscape. Even the Barbazon men, Rousseau, Millet, Corot, Daubigny, each impressing his work with his own individuality, owed a large debt

to Constable, Gainsborough, and even Moreland; while the more recent impressionists, in their high key, are indebted to Turner, even to decadent Turner. There is, however, a beauty, a rich, mellow glory about these old English landscapes to be found in the work of no other school. From Crome, Stark, Naysmith, and Barker of Bath, up to Wilson, Gainsborough, Constable, and Turner, these English painters were en rapport with nature in her most fascinating moods. With a hundred or more important works in oil and water-color from his pencil, Turner here shines in all the glory of his extraordinary genius. In the "Turner Room" he is to be seen in all his moods, all his manners, beyond question the greatest English painter, the only rival of the great Frenchman, Claude Lorraine. Constable is also seen at his best—the man, some will have it, who, though narrower in his range and less ambitious, was even greater than Turner, certainly more English; and the man, others will affirm, from whom the Barbazon landscape artists stole their inspiration.

If England can not claim to have produced a portrait-painter equal to Rembrandt or Van

Dyck, she has reason at least to be proud of her Kneller, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Lawrence, and Romney, whose works enrich the National Gallery, and give distinction to the English school. Among portraits, where will one find more powerful and impressive work than in Reynolds's portrait of Lord Heathfield holding the key of Gibraltar, or in Gainsborough's charming portrait of Mrs. Siddons?

In genre the British school has been adorned by such names as Hogarth, Wilkie, and Mulready, who are seen in their best productions in the National Gallery. The world is familiar with the engravings of such pictures as Hogarth's series of "The Marriage a la Mode," Wilkie's "Blind Fiddler" and "Village Festival," and Mulready's "The Last In" and "Crossing the Ford."

There is great pleasure experienced in seeing, for the first time, the paintings with which from childhood we have been made familiar by engravings. Of all such, none are more widely known and greatly admired than the works of Sir Edwin Landseer. In no other gallery is there so large and representative a collection from this greatest English painter

of animals. "The Hunted Stag," "A Distinguished Member of the Humane Society," "Low Life and High Life," and "Shoeing Old Betty" still attract all lovers of animal life, and especially those who admire the portraiture of horses, dogs, and deer.

The National Gallery has treasures of foreign art not to be overlooked. Among her fifteen "Rembrandts" are some gems which may compare favorably with any to be seen outside of Holland, and especially valuable are the two portraits of the artist himself. Here Claude Lorraine, the greatest of the French landscape-painters of the seventeenth century, if not of all time, is represented by some of his acknowledged masterpieces. The same may be said of Nicolas Poussin, Rubens, Teniers, Ruysdael, and Hobbema. Perhaps it will be admitted that "The Avenue," an avenue of trees of remarkably perfect perspective, is Hobbema's greatest work.

Until one is permitted to visit the continental galleries, he will take delight in the works of Raphael, Titian, Guido Reni, Murillo, and Velasquez, to be seen in the National Gallery; and even after he has seen all others he

will still admire the "Van Dycks" of this noble collection. Among many fine examples of foreign masters, special attention should be paid to Ary Scheffer's "St. Augustin and St. Monica," Da Vinci's "The Virgin of the Rocks," Francia's "Pieta," Botticelli's "Nativity of the Savior" and "The Assumption of the Virgin," Claude's "Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba" and "The Marriage of Isaac and Rebekah," and Sebastian del Piombo's "Resurrection of Lazarus," a picture painted at the same time as Raphael's "Transfiguration," for the same place, and in rivalry with that great master. It is claimed that Michael Angelo assisted Piombo in this work.

But one must not be satisfied by a visit to the National Gallery alone, else he will miss seeing some of the most interesting art in London. The finest and most complete collection of English water-colors is to be seen in the South Kensington Museum. Here the entire history and development of the English water-color school may be studied from the works of Cozens, Girtin, De Wint, Cox, Fielding, Nash, Roberts, Prout, Varley, Stanfield, and Turner. The collections of sketches and draw-

ings by Constable, Turner, and Mulready are rich and interesting beyond compare. This gallery receives distinction from two remarkable collections, the water-colors mentioned, and the priceless series of Raphael cartoons illustrating the life of our Lord and the ministry of the apostles. These cartoons, seven of the original ten, were the designs for tapestries which are now in the Vatican, and were executed for Pope Leo X. They are large drawings in distemper on thick paper. They were purchased by Charles I on the suggestion of Rubens, who discovered them in a warehouse at Arras, where, but for Rubens's solicitude, they might have met the fate of the other three, which were doubtless destroyed or lost through indifference and neglect. How much of the work on these cartoons may properly be attributed to Raphael, and what proportion of his pupils, it is difficult to say. The great master, however, superintended their execution, and they show his power as it had developed under the inspiration of Michael Angelo's grand and heroic manner. To see and study these cartoons alone is well worth

a pilgrimage from any part of the world to South Kensington.

From London we go to Paris, and enter the Louvre, the most splendid art gallery in the world. If one desires to study some particular school of art exclusively, such as the English, Dutch, or Spanish, he will go to London, Amsterdam, or Madrid; but for a general survey of all schools he will go to Paris, where he will find the Louvre to be an epitome of the art-world. In this magnificent building, or series of buildings, a monument to the taste of Francis I, Henry II, Henry IV, Louis XIV, Napoleon I, and Napoleon III, may be found masterpieces of all schools, a collection lacking in nothing, with the possible exception of first-class examples of the English masters. If one were limited for time, and desired to learn as much of the art-world and history as possible in one gallery, by all considerations he should select the Louvre. If no other gallery were ever visited, this collection would furnish a very comprehensive and worthy idea of the development and triumphs of art, from its earliest revival to the present time.

It will be kept in mind that pictures by living artists are not admitted to the Louvre. The merits of every artist represented here have been submitted to the test of time. The French school, of course, is fully represented in the Louvre; nevertheless, some of the finest specimens of the masters are found in other countries. The French have painted for the world, and even to-day America and England are the best markets for the work of living French artists. One must not, therefore, expect to see the best paintings by Meissonier, De Neuville, Millet, Corot, Diaz, Rousseau, and Daubigny in the Louvre, as he sees the best "Turners," "Constables," "Wilsons," "Landseers," and "Wilkies" in the National Gallery of London. The early French masters, Claude, Poussin, Le Brun, LeSueur, Watteau, Boucher, and Greuze, are here in their perfection. It must be said, however, that England possesses the finest "Claudes," and there are a larger number of this master's works in the public and private galleries of England than in any other part of the world, not excepting France.

Of the other schools, the Italian is most completely and satisfactorily represented, although the Dutch, and, in respect to Murillo and Rubens, the Spanish and Flemish schools are conspicuously important. One need go no farther to see the sensuous power of Rubens, the purity and perfection of Raphael, the golden splendor of Titian, the exquisite finish and subtle fascination of Leonardo da Vinci, or the sweetness and charming beauty of Murillo. Rubens's masterpiece, "The Descent from the Cross," is not here, but in Antwerp Cathedral; Raphael's "Transfiguration" is not here, but in the Vatican, and his "Sistine Madonna" is in Dresden; Titian's "Assumption of the Virgin" is not here, but in the Academy of Fine Arts at Venice; while Leonardo's "Last Supper" is in Milan, and Murillo's and Velasquez's greatest works are in Spain. Nevertheless, these masters are all represented in the Louvre by pictures worthy of their fame. The series of twenty-one large paintings by Rubens, illustrating the life of Marie de Medicis, are quite sufficient to educate one in the sensuous virility of his style,

the richness of his coloring, and the dramatic power of his composition. It is enough to say of Leonardo da Vinci that, with other works of his genius, his incomparable "Mona Lisa" is here, the picture which, from its first creation to the present day, has been the delight and wonder of the lay and artistic world. Glorious, golden Titian, prince of colorists, is well represented in the Louvre, his reputation secure forever in such examples of his art as "The Entombment," "Christ at Emmaus," "Madonna with the Rabbit," "The Holy Family," "Christ Crowned with Thorns," and others of nearly a score of unquestioned genuine paintings.

It is the boast of France that the Louvre contains a more ample supply of "Raphaels" than any other gallery in Europe. Nor are these "Raphaels" inferior examples, as is the case with many to be found in galleries outside of Italy. This greatest of the easel painters is represented in all his periods or manners, from his Peruginesque sweetness and finish to his Michaelangelesque strength and sublimity. It is not his reputation alone which

causes the crowds of visitors to the Louvre to gather before such pictures as "Belle Jardiniere," with its indescribable charm of beauty, "The Apollo and Marsyas," "The Holy Family," "St. Michael Conquering Satan," and the portraits of Castiglione, and with all their power of appeal to one's love of the beautiful; no, it is not the artist's reputation alone, it is the consummate genius displayed in his art, it is the subtle, insinuating, and overpowering something beyond all name and definition coming up out of these pictures, and grasping the beholder's attention, and commanding, compelling his admiration, that draws the multitudes to the "Raphaels" of the Louvre.

There is something so wonderful about these masters, that, standing together, no one seems to eclipse the other. Here in the Salon Carré of the Louvre the masters are assembled; Raphael, Titian, Da Vinci, Correggio, Veronese, Rembrandt, Murillo, each in his greatness; but no one seems able to overpower any other. If any one master is favored above another, in having his acknowledged masterpiece placed in the Salon Carré, it is Murillo:

for here is his glorious picture of "The Immaculate Conception," which, or a replica of which, inspired Longfellow to write:

> "Where Murillo paints the crescent
> Underneath Madonna's feet."

Paul Veronese may be no less favorably represented in his great picture of "The Marriage at Cana." But even the Dutch painters, Terburg, Metsu, and Dow, are not embarrassed in this august company, as their finest works hang side by side with "Raphaels" "Titians," and "Da Vincis."

A very representative collection of the more recent French masters is to be seen in The Salle Française du XIX Siècle. In Room VIII is Delacroix's "Barque of Dante," a picture which astonished the art world when first exhibited, and marked an epoch if not a revolution in the history of French painting. The Barbazon men and their contemporaries are also seen in this room. Corot, Diaz, Millet, Rousseau, Courbet, and Daubigny prove that French landscape painting did not die with Claude; nay, more, that it had not reached its full life and power with him.

After looking upon the three thousand pictures of this wonderful collection, one must say: Go to the Louvre for four things (to say nothing of the sculpture, the consummate glory of which is the Venus de Milo), go to the Louvre to see the largest and finest general collection of art in the world; to see the best and most complete collection of the old French painters; to see the most satisfactory and representative collection of the early nineteenth century French painters, including the Barbazon men, to be found in any one gallery; to see some of the finest known paintings by Raphael, Titian, Da Vinci, Veronese, Rubens, and Murillo.

Less familiar to the general public, but of great value and artistic importance, are the collections to be found in the galleries of Madrid and Seville, in Spain. These galleries are not only rich in Spanish art, but some of the finest examples of the Dutch, Flemish, and Italian masters are here displayed. The Royal Gallery at Madrid contains no less than two thousand paintings, and is second, perhaps, only to the Louvre in the importance and quality of its masterpieces. What other gallery

can boast the possession of more than forty "Titians," fifty "Teniers," twenty "Van Dycks," twenty-five "Veroneses," and sixty "Rubenses," in addition to ten "Raphaels?" And these constitute only one-tenth of the magnificent collection. Here the three greatest Spanish artists are to be seen in all their glory. Think of fifty "Murillos," sixty "Riberas," and more than sixty paintings by Velasquez in one gallery! Not to be ranked with these, but to be studied in connection with the history of Spanish art, are here the best examples of painting by Ribalta, Morales, Juanes, Herrera, and Zurbaran.

Seville must attract all who have felt the sweet fascination of Murillo's art, for here the great painter was born, as were also Herrera and Velasquez. Few cities have so much over which to exult. Florence in Italy, old Haarlem up in Holland—yes, and Amsterdam, too—may be as proud of their artist-children. Murillo has left some of the noblest monuments of his genius in the city of his birth. In the church attached to La Caridad are six, and in the gallery of Seville are more than a score of Murillo's finest works, including the "Im-

maculate Conception" (of which he painted several), "St. Francis Embracing the Savior on the Cross," "The Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes," and "Moses Striking the Rock." The two latter are in the Church at La Caridad.

Coming into Italy, one is immediately attracted to Florence, the city which cradled the Renaissance under the patronage of Cosmo and Lorenzo de Medici, whose streets once swarmed with the artists who restored painting to more than its ancient splendor, and left there some of the most precious evidences of their genius. Here, or in the vicinity, were born Masaccio, Cimabue, Giotto, Botticelli, Credi, Ghirlandajo, Michael Angelo, Sarto, Dolci, and scores of other artists, whose talents and artistic achievements have reflected honor upon this beautiful and historic city.

The Italian school is most perfectly represented in the galleries of Florence. The Uffizi and Pitti galleries and the Academy of Fine Arts possess some of the most precious art treasures in existence. In the Tribune of the Uffizi, in an artistically-arranged octagonal room, are gathered together a larger number of priceless gems of art than can be found on

any other spot of equal size in the world; the only room that can pretend to rival it is the Salon Carré of the Louvre. This Tribune of the Uffizi contains some of the most valuable relics of ancient sculpture in the "Wrestlers," "The Knife Whetter," "The Dancing Faun," "The Apollo," and the unrivaled "Venus de Medici." Surrounding these works of the ancient sculptors, the walls glow with the masterpieces of the Italian painters—Titian, Angelo, Correggio, Del Sarto, Perugino, Domenichino, Mantegna, Raphael, and others. No less than six "Raphaels" adorn the walls of the Tribune, among them the famous "Fornarina," "The Virgin of the Goldfinch," and the portrait of Pope Julius II. One of the most charmingly beautiful pictures here is "The Holy Virgin Adoring her Child," by Correggio. Another rare treasure is Angelo's picture of "The Holy Family." The Uffizi is rich in such masters as Botticelli, Filippino Lippi, Credi, Signorelli, Ghirlandajo, and Leonardo da Vinci, few as they are in number.

The Pitti Gallery, connected by a corridor with the Uffizi, contains only about five hundred pictures, but among them are at least ten

"Raphaels," the chief and most famous of which is the exquisite "Madonna della Seggiola—The Virgin of the Chair." Here again one revels among the "Titians," "Salvator Rosas," "Tintorettos," "Del Sartos," and "Guido Renis." While these two galleries possess not less than five hundred examples of French, German, Flemish, and Dutch art, one finds himself paying little attention to them by reason of the extraordinary number and quality of the Italian masterpieces overshadowing them.

Before leaving these galleries, one should give considerable time to the "Hall of the Portraits of Painters" in the Uffizi. It is certainly one of the most interesting collections of portraits to be found in any gallery. The portraits were painted by the painters themselves, and are nearly four hundred in number. Among them are such priceless treasures as the portraits of Raphael, Da Vinci, Titian, Tintoretto, Dürer, Rembrandt, Van Dyck, Rubens, and Velasquez, each painted by the master's own hand.

In view of the interest taken in the Pre-Raphaelite movement, inaugurated by Millais,

Hunt, and Rossetti, the artists preceding Raphael have been studied recently with a revived and justifiable appreciation of their merits. Hence the "Hall of the Old Masters," in the Uffizi Gallery, and the "Hall of Ancient Pictures," and the "Hall of Small Paintings" in the Academy of Fine Arts in Florence, are receiving new and ever-increasing attention. Angelico, Lippo Lippi, Ghirlandajo, Botticelli, and Perugino are here in great numbers, and some of them in better quality and condition, than anywhere else in the world. Florence is rich in original Pre-Raphaelitism.

If one would see Titian and Tintoretto in all their splendor, he must go to Venice, where he will find that all Venice is a gallery for these supreme colorists. Titian's "Assumption of the Virgin," doubtless his greatest existing work, is in the Academy of Fine Arts with his "Visitation of Elizabeth" and "Deposition." His picture of the "Descent of the Holy Spirit" is in the Church of Santa Maria della Salute. The masterpiece of the greatest Venetian, "The Martyrdom of St. Peter Martyr," which ranked as the third greatest picture in the world, was destroyed in the fire which, in 1867,

consumed the Church of Santa Giovanni a Paolo.

It is in the pictures which embellish the Doge's Palace that we see the most ambitious, if not the most artistic work of Tintoretto, who sought to combine the perfect coloring of Titian, his master, with the perfect drawing of Michael Angelo. It is in Venice, also, that we find the best examples of Giorgione and the Bellini, the forerunners of Titian and Tintoretto. Aside from the works of these masters, Venice is not particularly rich in paintings; indeed, in her commercial and maritime ambition she never even aspired to a rivalry with Florence or Rome in art; hence she is poor to-day in comparison with these cities in the possession of treasures of sculpture and painting.

Rome, like Venice, only more emphatically, is one vast art-gallery in itself. We find here no such single gallery or collection as the Louvre of Paris, or Royal Gallery of Madrid, or the Gallery of Dresden, but in almost every church will be found a masterpiece. Another noticeable peculiarity is, that nearly all the art in Rome is sacred art. The paintings, more-

over, are almost exclusively of the Italian schools. The Dutch, French, Flemish, English, and even Spanish, are comparatively scarce; now and then, but very rarely, in the private galleries may be seen a "Dürer," "Claude," "Poussin," or "Rubens."

The patronage of popes and cardinals brought the Italian masters to Rome, and here we find the noblest examples of many of them. It is true that Correggio's greatest paintings are not here, nor are Titian's, Tintoretto's, or Da Vinci's, but here are Guido Reni, Domenichino, Raphael, and Michael Angelo, at their climax of power and greatness. Guido Reni's "Aurora" is alone sufficient to attract every traveler in Rome to the Rospigliosi Palace, as "The Crucifixion" by the same master will draw him to St. Lorenzo in Lucina, and the wonderful "Beatrice Cenci" compel him to visit the Barberini Palace, whether this famous portrait may justly be attributed to him or not. But art in Rome is synonymous with either one or both of the two immortal names—Raphael and Michael Angelo. If antiquarians visit the Eternal City to study the ruins of past ages, and lovers of the plastic art make pilgrimages

thither to feast their eyes upon such magnificent relics of ancient sculpture as the Laocoön, and the Apollo Belvedere, those who seek the greatest paintings of which the world can boast, come to Rome to see Raphael and Angelo.

Raphael's masterpiece in easel-painting is "The Transfiguration," the most precious treasure of the Vatican. And here is Domenichino's masterpiece, "The Communion of St. Jerome," second only to Raphael's "Transfiguration," which is acknowledged to be the greatest picture in the world. The "divine" Raphael, however, was not simply an easel-painter, he rivaled Angelo in fresco. Raphael in his magnificence is to be seen in the Stanze of Raphael, four chambers opening out of the second range of Loggie of the Vatican. These chambers are frescoed in Raphael's grand manner, and illustrate classical, religious, and historical subjects. The most famous of these Stanze is known as the Chamber of the School of Athens, in which are illustrated Theology, Poetry, Philosophy, and Jurisprudence. It is in these frescoes that Raphael has left us portraits of the great men of modern times, and

ideal portraits of the ancients. In the "Dispute of the Sacrament," representing Theology, are to be seen the faces of the saints and Church doctors, and also the portraits of Dante, Savonarola, Bramante, Perugino, and Raphael. In "Mount Parnassus," representing Poetry, we find Homer, Virgil, Dante, Sappho, Ovid, Petrarch, Boccaccio, and others, surrounding Apollo. In the "School of Athens," representing Philosophy, are to be seen Plato, Aristotle, Socrates, Pythagoras, and other philosophers. Raphael has put his own portrait and that of his master, Perugino, into this group also.

The Stanze of Raphael have but one rival in the world—the Sistine Chapel, where Michael Angelo has left the artistic creations of his superlative genius. Unlike Raphael, Angelo confined himself almost exclusively to fresco painting, disdaining the easel, which he considered better adapted to the feebler talents of women than to the more powerful and dignified genius of men. But what extraordinary, unapproachable art is this which glorifies the Chapel of Sixtus! Although the Stanze and the Sistine were frescoed during

the same years, beginning in 1508, it may well be acknowledged that the Stanze of Raphael would not have been possible but for the educational and inspirational influence of the Sistine of Angelo. The greatest frescoes in the world are here, in the compositions of "The Last Judgment," the "Creation," and the events of Old Testament history. "The Last Judgment" was not painted until after Raphael's death; Angelo completed it in 1541, and he was then sixty-eight years of age.

On leaving Rome, one feels that he is descending from the great and high mountain of the art world, and, go where he may, hereafter all pictures and all galleries of pictures will seem insignificant and unworthy of attention. This last effect of visiting Rome, and looking upon the glory of Raphael and the grandeur of Michael Angelo, will be unjustifiable, and such a tendency must be resisted.

Before leaving Italy, one is disposed to wonder at the dearth of fine examples of a certain great artist's pictures. Where are the Da Vincis? Alas! this painter, than whom no greater has ever lived, was so versatile that he gave his attention to many schemes, inven-

tions, and enterprises, which, though his life was long, forbade his painting as great a number as those were able to turn off who knew nothing else, and spent their time at nothing else. Moreover, the pictures of Da Vinci have suffered from injury and accident more than the work of any other great master. The larger number of his surviving pictures are heads or portraits of females, each wearing a subtle and fascinating smile. His masterpiece, 'The Last Supper," which has ranked with Raphael's "Transfiguration," Titian's "Assumption of the Virgin," and Domenichino's "Communion of St. Jerome," as one of the greatest pictures in the world, is to be seen on the wall of the Church of La Madonna di San Celso in Milan. But this work of matchless power and beauty is almost ruined, and those who see it now can have but a faint conception of what it must have been when, after Da Vinci had labored on it for sixteen years, it was finished, and men stood weeping before it, overcome by its artistic beauty and by its religious pathos and power.

Passing northward, one will be richly repaid by a visit to the Pinakothek of Munich;

for, although the memory of Madrid and Seville has not yet been erased from the mind, there are "Murillos" here worth seeing, and also some priceless "Dürers" and "Botticellis." It is quite a relief to look upon the profane art of the great Spaniard, and laugh at his fruit-eating street Arabs, while to see "Dürers" in any place is always a rare treat, so scarce and precious are the finished paintings of this master.

But one may be quite satisfied to press on to Vienna, when he learns that in the Imperial Royal Picture Gallery of the Upper Belvidere in Vienna he may look upon the best "Dürers," and many of them. What other pictures await him here? Think of it, a room full of Teniers, another room full of Van Dycks; still two other rooms full of the works of Rubens! These three Northern masters seem to dominate the gallery. To visit the Imperial Gallery of Vienna, or the Museum of Berlin, is to see a repetition and multiplication of the kind of pictures we have been familiar with since we entered the National of London. It can not be said that either of these galleries stands out conspicuously cele-

brated by the possession of any masterpiece of superior and extraordinary quality. Of Dutch and Flemish masters they have many fine examples, as has also nearly every first-class European gallery. But when we mention Dresden, we at once think of those masterpieces which have given its gallery a world-wide celebrity as one of the richest art depositories of the world. With its more than 2,500 pictures, it ranks with the Louvre, the Royal Gallery of Madrid, and the Uffizi and Pitti galleries of Florence. Art-lovers visit Dresden, first of all, to see that glorious Raphael, the "Madonna di San Sisto," which, doubtless, ranks only second in importance to "The Transfiguration" of the Vatican among Raphael's easel paintings. This picture alone would give distinction to the Dresden gallery, even if it could not boast of other world-renowned pictures. The gallery possesses several Correggios; among them is "The Nativity," which has been pronounced that artist's greatest work. Titian is well represented by excellent examples, chief among which is "The Tribute Money." Holbein's masterpiece, "The Madonna," like Raphael's, "Sistine Ma-

donna," is here given a room to itself. Another of the gems in this superb collection is Carlo Dolci's masterpiece, "St. Cecilia." In addition to these superlative pictures, the gallery is well furnished with "Holbeins," "Van Dycks," "Ruysdaels," and "Wouvermans."

On our way to Holland, one city at least attracts us to its art treasures. Antwerp possesses the masterpiece of her own great son, Rubens. In the Cathedral is his "Descent from the Cross," certainly one of the greatest pictures in the world. Here is also his "Elevation of the Cross," much less impressive. In the Museum of Antwerp are to be seen many of the grandest works of Rubens, and the visitor who sees "The Descent from the Cross," and passes on without visiting the museum, makes a mistake, if he has any desire to see Rubens in some of his most powerful compositions.

Before visiting Amsterdam, two cities in particular make an imperative demand upon the attention of the art student. These are The Hague and Haarlem. If one would see Paul Potter at his best, he must visit The Hague; and if one would know Frans Hals

in his glory, he must stop at Haarlem. The best living Dutch painters, Jozef Israels at their head, live at The Hague. In the gallery here is Paul Potter's celebrated "Young Bull," and here, also, are several superb Rembrandts, the most important of which are the "Presentation in the Temple" and the "Anatomical Lesson." Haarlem was the birthplace of Ruysdael, Wynants, Ostade, Helst, Wouverman, Berchem, and many less distinguished painters, while as many others, including Terburg, Paul Potter, and Frans Hals, lived there, and there first studied art. No artist, Rembrandt not excepted, ever succeeded in putting more life and spirit into his portraits than Hals. His pictures, though at first not fully appreciated, are now reckoned with the greatest Dutch art; his portraits are second only to Rembrandt's. Though he may be seen in fine single examples of his work in Berlin, Dresden, Paris, and London, it is here in the Museum and in the Town House of Haarlem that we see those strong, dashing, brilliant compositions, or groups of portraits, from which one almost expects to hear those burgh-

ers speak and laugh and fairly shout—pictures which secure to Hals an ever-increasing fame.

Why go to Amsterdam? To look upon Rembrandt. Visit London to see Turner; go to Madrid to see Murillo; stop off at Venice to see Titian; journey to Rome to see Raphael and Michael Angelo, and take a trip to Amsterdam to see Rembrandt.

There are other great Dutch painters, who can be seen at their best only in the National Museum at Amsterdam. With fifteen Berchems, fifteen Bols, ten Dous, ten Hals, eight De Hoochs, sixteen Maes, thirteen Ruysdaels, twenty Jan Steens, fifteen Wouvermans, twelve Ostades, ten Paul Potters, twenty Helsts, sixteen Rembrandts, and the other famous Dutchmen proportionately well represented, one realizes that this is the place to study Dutch art in its perfection. While some of these men have better representation elsewhere, as Potter at The Hague, Hals at Haarlem, Teniers at Madrid with fifty examples, and Wouverman at Berlin with fifty examples, there is certainly no place so rich in Steens, Bols, Ostades, Dous, Helsts, and Rembrandts. The most impressive works of this great gal-

lery are the masterpieces of the last two. Helst and Rembrandt are here set in rivalry, as their most important pictures are placed in the same room. Helst's great picture, "The Civic Guard Banquet," an assemblage of twenty-five persons at a feast, was pronounced by Sir Joshua Reynolds "the first picture of portraits in the world;" the English master placed it above Rembrandt's celebrated "Night Watch," in which he professed to be disappointed. But with all the consummate ability displayed in the portraits, the stuffs, the arrangement, and the color of Helst's great composition, Rembrandt's "Night Watch" is too powerful for it, and it pales in the presence of this extraordinary effect of light and shadow. As one approaches the Rembrandt room from a distance, facing the "Night Watch," it is like walking toward a burning, glowing object, which seems to light up the whole room. While this is Rembrandt's most celebrated picture, it can not be pronounced his most artistic work. A picture in the same gallery is coming to hold in critical eyes the highest place; it is known as "The Syndics," a composition of portraits representing six

masters of the Cloth-workers' Guild at Amsterdam. If Sir Joshua ever saw this picture, it is remarkable that he should have called Helst's picture of portraits the first in the world.

In Rembrandt's pictures one looks in vain for Guido's angelic sweetness, or Titian's range of color, or Da Vinci's science and finish, or Raphael's grace and beauty, or Angelo's grandeur and perfection of design; but in strength, solidity, glow, chiaroscuro, noble, energetic realism, these portraits and compositions display the genius of a master who must be ranked as one of the five greatest painters of the world,—Raphael, Angelo, Da Vinci, Titian, Rembrandt.

VIII.

Anecdotes of Art and Artists

THE BOY, MICHAEL ANGELO. (HALF-TONE.)

VIII.

IT is interesting to study the parentage of great men, and to learn the significant fact that, as a rule, genius finds its origin among the common people. This holds good particularly in the cases of poets and artists. Men who have come furnished with the most perfect sense of the beautiful, with exquisite feeling for music, nature, and art, with refined and creative imagination, have sprung not from the higher ranks of society, so-called, not from the homes of the rich, elegant, and most highly-cultured, where aristocracy is the boast, but rather from the ranks of "honest poverty," from the virtuous blood and vigorous loins of the industrial classes. Few, indeed, of the great artists have been the descendants of artists, and a still smaller number have come from the learned professions. Richard Wilson, Sir David Wilkie, and Sir Joshua Reynolds were sons of clergymen; but Turner was the son of the village barber; David Roberts and Daniel Maclise were the sons of humble shoemakers;

the father of Andrea del Sarto was a tailor; and William Mulready's father was a leather-breeches maker; Claude Lorraine and Jean François Millet came from the farm; Opie was the son of a carpenter; Ruysdael of a cabinet-maker, Leslie of a cloakmaker, Watteau of a tilemaker, and Etty of a gingerbread-maker; Raeburn, Mortimer, Constable, and Rembrandt were the sons of millers; and Thomas Stothard and Sir Thomas Lawrence were the sons of jolly innkeepers.

The childhood and youth of artists often reveal a precocity not less astonishing than that which manifests itself in the early years of poets, mathematicians, inventors, and musicians. Pope "lisping in numbers," Mozart displaying marvelous musical ability at the age of four, Grotius composing Latin verse at nine, Haller writing a Chaldee grammar and compiling a Greek and Hebrew vocabulary before the age of ten, Macaulay producing a Compendium of History at eight, and Goethe turning off dialogues at six, are rivaled by the endeavorings of precocious artists. If their achievements are not as wonderful, the incidents of their boyhood days are quite as inter-

esting, and fully as prophetic of their future greatness. It is worthy of note that these men of power and fame, with but few exceptions, were virtuous, industrious, and righteously ambitious boys, who realized that they had great gifts, and tried to make the most of themselves. We are told that Michael Angelo began to draw as soon as he could use his hands, and some of the sketches of his boyhood days were still in existence up to the close of the last century. At the age of fourteen, he had the boldness and the ability to correct a drawing by his teacher, who acknowledged the marvelous boy knew more than he did. He sculptured a mask of a faun at this time, which attracted the attention, and greatly pleased his illustrious patron, Lorenzo the Magnificent, and when in advanced age the great artist looked upon some of his childish performances, he was forced to admit, as Benjamin West admitted of his earliest works, that in some respects he had never excelled them by all the skill of his mature abilities.

Giotto, who painted the only authentic portrait of Dante which the world possesses, and who is acknowledged to be the founder of

Italian art, was a shepherd lad, herding his father's flocks in the pastures of Tuscany. He passed away the hours sketching pictures of the sheep on the stones with a sharpened stone in his hand, in lieu of a pencil or chisel. One day the painter, Cimabue, chanced to cross the field, and caught the little fellow sketching on a large, flat stone. He saw at a glance that the boy had an artist's genius, took an interest in him, secured the consent of his father, and took him to Florence, where he made possible his education in art, and opened the way for his great achievement in the revolution and regeneration of Christian art.

Guido Reni, who painted "The Aurora" and the portrait of Beatrice Cenci, pictures of world-wide renown, gives us his own boyhood experience. His father wished to make of him a musician, but the boy rebelled, because he felt the stirrings of another kind of genius, and spent more time sketching than practicing music. He tells us in his own language:

"They took paper away from me, and I marked upon the walls. When I could no longer find there a place for my sketches, I gained at last a fresh and inexhaustible one

in the dust. They removed my lamp, that I might go to sleep, and I ingeniously provided myself with one, which I kept hidden under the bed, so that I could make the night into day, and employ in my studies all the night and day combined."

An interesting story of the boyish enthusiasm of Bandinelli, the sculptor, has been preserved by Vasari. When the sculptor was a boy he frequented the workshop of a common painter, and happened to be in the shop on a winter day when the snow fell in unusual abundance. To amuse themselves the people gathered the snow into a great mound, seeing which, the painter said to the boy, "If this snow were marble, could not one make a fine statue of a giant out of it?" "That one could, and right well," replied the boy, "and I would have us treat this snow as though it were marble." Then, throwing off his cloak, he plunged into the snow and went to work with great energy to fashion a statue, and succeeded in copying the marble statue of Marforio, near by, so perfectly that all were astonished at his skill and enthusiasm.

It is related of Michael Angelo that one

of the Medici commanded him to make a statue of snow on a similar occasion of a heavy snowstorm in Florence; but he must have been, at that time, well on toward eighteen, while Bandinelli was but a boy when he displayed his skill, and gave the first prophecy of his future career as a sculptor.

The boyhood of Benjamin West, the first great American painter, was full of interesting incidents. The story goes that he took his first little sketch to his mother, and she kissed him. "That kiss," said West, "made me a painter." But the fact is, that mother kissed her precocious boy very frequently, according to the records. When Benjamin was but seven years old, his mother, on one occasion, left him to tend the baby. As he sat by the cradle, keeping away the flies, the baby smiled in her sleep; the beauty of it inspired the boy to sketch the dreamer's portrait in red and black ink. When his mother returned, she saw the picture, and cried, "I declare he has made a likeness of Sally." "She took him in her arms and kissed him," says the biographer. Benjamin's cousin sent him a box of paints and pencils, and a number of engravings. The

young artist was so overjoyed that he could not sleep, and had the box of paints placed on a chair beside his bed, as many another boy has had the same thing done with his first pair of boots. Early next morning the boy crept away to the garret with his outfit, and began to paint copies of the engravings. Day after day he was missed at school, and when the schoolmaster informed Mrs. West of little Benjamin's continued absence, the mother began to search for the truant, and found him in the garret. If the mother brought a switch to the garret, she had no use for it. The picture which her remarkable child had painted filled her with astonishment, and again the biographer says: "She kissed him with transports of affection." Undoubtedly that precious mother saved the truant from a much-dreaded chastisement at the hand of the less lenient father. When the little painter was in perplexity as to how he should lay the colors on to the canvas, he was told, as he had never seen it done, that artists painted with brushes made of camel's-hair; he thought cat's-hair would do quite as well, and pulled all he wanted from the old cat's tail and back. The

family thought something was the matter with Tabby, and one topic of discussion in the West household was, "What can be ailing the cat?" The boy finally confessed.

Quaker though he was, young West had no little pride of spirit, and could treat with scant patience the boy who had not ambition enough to "aim high." On a certain holiday one of his schoolmates offered him a horse-back ride over to the next farm. "Get up behind me," said the boy. "Behind you," Ben replied; "I will ride behind nobody." The other boy rode behind. As they rode along, the schoolmate said: "This is my last ride, for I am to be apprenticed to-morrow to a tailor." "A tailor?" cried Ben. "You will surely never be a tailor." "Yes I shall," was the reply; "that is a good trade. What do you intend to be, Benjamin?" "A painter." "A painter! What sort of trade is a painter? I never heard of it before." "A painter," said West, "is the companion of kings and emperors." "You are mad," said the schoolmate; "there are no kings nor emperors in America." "Yes, but there are plenty in other parts of the world. And do you really intend to be a tailor?"

"Indeed I do, there is nothing surer." "Then you may ride alone," said West, leaping from the horse. "I will not ride with one willing to be a tailor." This proud boy could hardly have foreseen the day when, as president of the Royal Academy, he would be the favorite of princes and kings.

Art was an instinct in Sir David Wilkie. He began to draw and to creep at the same time, and the floor was covered with his childish sketches. One day the little fellow was marking on the ground with a lump of chalk, when his mother asked what he was doing. The child lisped, "Making bonnie Lady Gonie" (Lady Balgonie).

At school the boy sketched on his slate the portrait of his schoolmates, and spent his time "picture-making." Finally, he made the portraits on paper, and charged the boys so many pins or marbles for them.

Sir Thomas Lawrence displayed marked ability as a child. He had an extraordinary memory, a melodious voice, and a beautiful face. At the age of five he could recite many of the noblest passages from Milton and Shakespeare, and could draw portraits with

remarkable fidelity of likeness. It was a question as to whether he would develop into an artist or an actor. His father, the landlord of the Black Bear Inn, used the precocious boy to his pecuniary advantage by making him declaim Milton to his customers, or draw their portraits. Garrick, the greatest actor of his time, used to delight in taking Tommy into the garden, and have him spout Shakespeare, when he would applaud the little fellow, and cry, "Bravely done, Tommy. Will you be a painter or a player?" It was wisely decided that he should become a painter, and thus was saved to English art one of the most charming portrait-painters of modern times.

It is recorded with all seriousness that William Etty was an artist when but a baby. Creeping on the floor, he would pick up a coal or snatch a stick from the fireplace, and make pictures on the floor or on the boards of his father's mill. His first box of paints brought to him the greatest joy of his childhood. He had to peddle gingerbread for his father until he was twelve years old, when he was apprenticed to a printer, and for seven years struggled on in gloom, waiting for the

time when he should be free—free to become a painter, rather than a printer.

William Mulready made drawings when he was three years old, which have since been engraved. He, too, was a very prolific floor-painter. When his parents went to their work, they were accustomed to shut the boy up in the house at home. One day on returning they missed him, but in searching they found his little legs sticking from under the bed, and there the young artist was drawing on the floor under the bed a picture of St. Paul's Cathedral, a copy of an old engraving that was hanging on the wall.

We are indebted for much enjoyment to men of genius for leaving us the record of their first awakening to the knowledge and appreciation of their artistic powers. Stothard tells us that his tastes and ambitions were first awakened by some engravings that hung on the walls of his nurse's room. "I gazed at these until a love of art grew within me, and a desire to imitate what was on her walls."

John Phillip used to say that his father owned a drum, which hung on the wall at the foot of his bed. It was decorated in many

colors with the royal arms, and became such a fascinating object to his boyish eyes, that it inspired him with the ambition to become a painter.

John Opie, at the age of ten, saw a companion, somewhat older than himself, draw a butterfly. He looked on with much interest, and when the work was done cried: "I think I can draw a butterfly as well as Mark Oates." "He took a pencil," says his biographer, "tried, succeeded, and ran breathless home to tell his mother what he had done."

The father of David Roberts was a cobbler, and his mother took in washing. There were no artistic surroundings to awaken or stimulate in him the love of the beautiful, or an inclination to become a painter. He was certainly a born artist. The occasion for the first manifestation of his genius was some traveling panorama or menagerie with painted wagons, which excited his imagination, and inspired him to draw and paint. He has left the statement: "I was wont on going home (from watching the wagons and beasts) to give my mother an idea of what they were by scratches on the whitewashed kitchen-wall,

made with the end of a burned stick and a bit of keel, which representations she obliterated by whitewash whenever her curiosity had been satisfied." When a neighbor happened to see some of these sketches, and asked who drew them, the mother, with quite a manifestation of pride, said: "Hoot! it 's our laddie Davie; he 's been up at the Mound seeing the wild-beast show, and he caulked them there to let us see them."

The great English painter, Sir Edwin Landseer, universally admired for his paintings of animals, especially horses, dogs, and deer, drew so cleverly before he was six years old, that one of his sketches of a fox hound, still preserved in the South Kensington Museum of London, is regarded as a most extraordinary achievement. Drawings made before Edwin was in his "teens" were considered fine enough to be engraved. His father took great pride in pointing out the fields where the marvelous boy first studied nature. "Many a time," said the father, "have I lifted him over this stile. This was a favorite walk with my boys; and one day when I had accompanied them, Edwin stopped by this stile to admire

some sheep and cows which were quietly grazing. At his request, I lifted him over, and, finding a scrap of paper and a pencil in my pocket, I made him sketch a cow. He was very young indeed then, not more than six or seven years old."

It is said that Richard Parkes Bonnington, at the early age of three years, made sketches illustrating history, and drew with much skill anything that caught his eye; and of Edwin Bird, the biographer writes that, according to the family tradition, he would stand on a stool at the age of three or four years, chalk outlines on the furniture, and say, with childish glee, as he eyed his labors, "Well done, little Neddy Bird." He would be up with the dawn to draw figures upon the walls, which he called French and English soldiers, and was continually in disgrace with the servant-maids of his father's house, who had to make use of their mops and scrubbing-brushes after those early risings.

Similar anecdotes are told of Thomas Gainsborough, who distinguished himself both as a landscape and a portrait painter. He filled his copy-book with sketches of the beau-

tiful scenery near his home in Suffolk, England. He loved the woods and fields more than he enjoyed the schoolroom, and one day he played truant, but wrote himself the request to the schoolmaster, "Give Tom a holiday." When his father was informed of the deception, and saw the forged request, he cried out, "The boy will come to be hanged." But when Tom brought home the sketches he had made that holiday, the father said, with a smile of satisfaction, "The boy will be a genius." One day he was hiding among the bushes of the garden, sketching the trees, when suddenly he saw the face of a man just over the garden-wall. The man was looking, with watering mouth and covetous eye, at some ripe, luscious pears hanging on the tree near at hand. Quickly the young artist sketched the face, with its leafy surroundings, and afterwards showed it to his father, who filled the neighbor with chagrin by holding it up to view, and accusing him of the desire to plunder his orchard.

It often taxes one's credulity to accept all the stories told of smart boys; nevertheless it may be well for us to know what has been

said of their wonderful words and deeds of childhood, although we take it with a grain of salt.

Some of the anecdotes related of full-grown geniuses are often as incredible as those told of remarkable boys. The wonderful perfection with which certain artists have painted objects, which have been taken for the objects themselves, rather than for pictures, has created astonishment bordering on unbelief. The story comes down from ancient times that the two Greek painters, Zeuxis and Parrhasius, were rivals, and entered into a contest for superiority, as did Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo in later years. Zeuxis painted a bunch of grapes, and they were so natural that when the picture was exhibited the birds flew to it, and began to peck at the grapes. When Parrhasius brought out his picture, it looked as if a curtain had been thrown over it to protect it, and Zeuxis, his rival, put out his hand to remove the curtain when, lo! he found it was only the picture of a curtain, and admitted that while his picture had deceived the birds, his rival's picture had deceived him, and was therefore more remarkable than his

own. A variation of this anecdote represents that Zeuxis painted the picture of a boy holding a bunch of grapes, and when the birds flew to peck at the grapes a critic suggested that if the boy had been painted as well as the grapes, the birds would not have ventured to eat the grapes which he held in his hand.

In a similar contest, Apelles, the Greek painter, is said to have painted a horse so realistically that when it was put on exhibition a living horse saw it, and neighed at it. This story, also, is somewhat modified in the telling. According to one form, this picture was shown to Alexander the Great, whose portrait Apelles was commissioned to paint, and when the living horse neighed at it, Apelles made the rude remark that the horse knew more about art than Alexander.

On one occasion Apelles came to visit Protogenes, a famous artist of Rhodes, but found him not in his studio. The visitor stepped up to a tablet, and drew with a brush a very fine line, and departed. When Protogenes returned, he said: "Apelles has been in my studio." Then he took the brush, and drew a much finer line by the side of Apelles' line.

Apelles returned, and drew another line, still finer and more exquisitely delicate. Protogenes acknowledged Apelles his superior. A story very similar to this is told of Angelo and Raphael. The latter was frescoing the walls and ceilings of a palace, when Angelo one day stole in and drew a head, others say a hand, on the wall, and departed unobserved. When Raphael returned he saw the drawing, and exclaimed, "Michael Angelo!" The manner was a revelation to Raphael, who had not as yet developed his grand style. When Angelo was asked why he did this, he replied that he taught by example, rather than by finding fault.

When Giotto was studying art with his discoverer, Cimabue, he played a trick on his master, which displayed his dexterity with the brush. Cimabue was painting a portrait; during his absence from the studio one day young Giotto took up the brush, and painted a fly on the nose of the portrait. When the master returned, and sat down to paint again on the picture he tried to "shoo" away the fly, and attempted to carefully pick it off with his fingers.

There is an interesting fly story told of Hans Holbein, to illustrate how a mere trifle or trick in art may often be regarded more highly by the people, and bring to the artist greater fame than more worthy and dignified achievements. It was proven in Basel, where he lived, that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country, and Holbein, feeling that his work was not appreciated by his neighbors, prepared to visit England. Before his departure, however, he desired to leave a picture which would preserve his reputation. He took a portrait which he had but recently finished, and painted a fly on the forehead. When the portrait was delivered to his patron he greatly admired it, but went up to brush off the fly, and found it to be only the picture of a fly. This fly gave Holbein such a reputation that his fellow-townsmen protested against his leaving Basel, and lauded him to the skies as a most wonderful painter.

These anecdotes remind us of one which James Northcote, the English painter, told on himself. When studying with Sir Joshua Reynolds, he practiced his art by painting the portrait of a female servant. The likeness was so

perfect that a macaw kept in the house recognized it, and as the bird disliked the servant girl, when he saw the portrait he spread his wings in anger, ran in a perfect rage, and bit at the face. Seeing that he made no impression, he struck at the hands, and then in disgust strutted away to another part of the room.

A shield of fig-tree wood was sent to Leonardo da Vinci's father by a peasant, with the request that he have it painted for him in Florence. Da Vinci the elder took it to his son, the great artist. Leonardo taxed his wonderful imagination to the utmost, and went to work collecting lizards, snakes, dragon-flies, bats, glow-worms, hedgehogs, etc. From these, assembled in a fantastic group, he painted a horrible monster, such as had never been seen in the world,—from its eyes and mouth and nostrils darted flames of fire, and rose poisonous vapors, and its aspect was fearful and hideous. When it was finished, the artist informed his father, and left it on the easel, with the light arranged for proper effect. The father entered the room, and as his eyes fell upon the hideous object he stopped, stood transfixed and horrified, and, supposing it to

be a veritable monster instead of a painting, he turned to rush from the room, when Leonardo called him back, and explained that the shield had produced just the effect of terror which he had intended.

A remarkable and fatal impression was produced on Francia, the artist of Bologna, by one of Raphael's pictures. Francia was greatly admired in his own city, and he was praised by many as the greatest living painter. Basking in the full glory of the people's favor, he came to believe himself one of the greatest, if not the greatest of the Italian artists. Raphael was at Rome. The artists corresponded, and agreed to exchange pictures. But Raphael painted a picture of St. Cecilia for one of the Churches of Bologna, and sent it to the care of his friend Francia. When the picture was unpacked and brought out into the light, Francia stood gazing upon it with astonishment. It broke his heart. So transcendently beautiful was it, so superior to his own paintings, that it had the effect of breaking his spirit. His own glory had been eclipsed. He took to his bed, and soon died.

"St. Cecilia" killed Francia. The anec-

dote, however, is not so startling as one told of Fivizzano, an artist who painted with great reality a picture of Death, or, as another writer affirms, a picture of a beautiful woman, lying dead. So powerful was the impression which the picture made on the very man who painted it, that he was smitten with death while gazing upon it.

The story told of Zeuxis, the Greek artist, is almost incredible. It will be remembered that he painted the realistic grapes at which the birds pecked. There is a tradition to the effect that he painted the picture of an old woman with such a quaint and humorous, if not ludicrous, expression, that he died laughing at it. It is not recorded that any other person died laughing at the same picture, nor did any other person ever fall dead while gazing upon Fivizzano's picture of Death.

The most impressive and inspiring theme that has taxed the genius of modern art to its utmost endeavors, has been the Christ. Nearly every great master, from Giotto, Raphael, Titian, Dürer, and Rembrandt, down to Munkacsy, Hoffman, and Zimmerman of our day, has tried to give the world a great, true con-

ception of the Man of Galilee, the Son of God. When Leonardo da Vinci painted his masterpiece, "The Last Supper," he found very acceptable models for all the heads, with but one exception. He expressed himself as despairing of ever finding on earth, or ever creating by his imagination, a face "with all that beauty and celestial grace which appeared to him to be demanded for the due representation of the Divinity Incarnate." According to some authorities, the painter completed the picture with the exception of the head of Christ. This in despair he simply drew in outline, and left it for the devout imagination of every man who should look upon it to fill it out to the perfection of beauty. A story is told of Donatello, the sculptor, and Brunelleschi, the architect of Florence, which illustrates very well the marked difference of treatment which artists have bestowed on this subject. From the beginning there have been both the vulgar and the noble representations of the Savior. One artist has painted him as a peasant of humble and almost ugly form and feature, with "no beauty in him that we should desire him;" another has painted him as the

"chief among ten thousand, the one altogether lovely." These same variant ideas have been carried out in engraving and sculpture.

Donatello carved a crucifix in wood for the Church of Santa Croce in Florence. When his friend, the great Brunelleschi, was asked his opinion of the work of art, he said that Donatello had put a clown on the cross, and had not justly represented Jesus Christ, who must have been the most beautiful and perfect man that ever lived. "Take wood and make one yourself," impatiently cried Donatello. One day Brunelleschi invited Donatello to dine with him. On their way through the market-place they purchased some cheese, eggs, and vegetables for the repast. These Donatello volunteered to carry in his apron. As they approached the residence, Brunelleschi, by some excuse, succeeded in persuading his companion to precede him. Holding the provision in his apron, Donatello entered the house, and as he did so he caught sight of a crucifix of such beauty that he stood amazed, lifted his hands in admiration, and let drop his apron, and its contents of cheese, eggs, and

vegetables fell to the floor, a mingled and unsightly mass. Brunelleschi, coming in, cried: "What have you done with our dinner?" Poor Donatello, still transfixed with wonder and admiration before the beautiful image, cried: "I have had my dinner for to-day; if you need one, take it. It is for you to represent the Christ, for me to represent boors only."

It has been claimed, with what reason every person must judge for himself, that the only authentic portrait of the Savior ever made, was one cut on an emerald by order of Tiberius Cæsar, and was at one time owned by the emperor of the Turks, and kept in the treasury of Constantinople. Tradition tells us that it was given by this emperor to Pope Innocent VIII for the redemption of his brother, who had been taken captive.

Whether this emerald portrait inspired the description of Christ's appearance as found in the letter of Publius Lentulus to Tiberius, or the description in this letter inspired the artist who cut the emerald, is not known. Of the genuineness and authenticity of this letter, again the reader must be his own judge. This

is the description of Jesus as found in the letter, the original of which, it is claimed, is in Rome.

"There hath appeared in these, our days, a man of great virtue, named Jesus Christ, who is yet living among us, and of the Gentiles is accepted as a prophet, but his disciples call him the 'Son of God.' He raiseth the dead, and cures all manner of disease; a man of stature somewhat tall and comely, with very reverent countenance, such as the beholders both love and fear; his hair, the color of chestnut, full ripe, plain to his ears, whence downwards it is more Orient, curling and waving about his shoulders. In the midst of his head is a seam, or a partition of his hair, after the manner of the Nazarites; his forehead plain and very delicate; his face without spot or wrinkle, beautiful with a most lovely red, his nose and mouth so formed that nothing can be reprehended; his beard thickish in color like his hair, not very long, but forked; his look innocent, but mature; his eyes gray, clear, and quick. In reproving, he is terrible; in admonishing, courteous and fair spoken; pleasant in conversation, mixed with gravity. It

can not be remarked that any one saw him laugh, but many have seen him weep. In proportion of body, most excellent; his hands and arms most delicate to behold. In speaking, very temperate, modest, and wise. A man for his singular beauty, surpassing the children of men!"

The engraving from the emerald portrait has made it familiar to the world. Whatever the origin, the portrait certainly approaches more nearly than many others to the dignity and storied beauty of the subject.

Skillful as the artist may become, he must be wonderful, indeed, if he is sufficiently perfect in every detail to disarm all criticism. When Apelles exhibited a picture in Athens, an ignorant cobbler criticised the boot which the artist had painted on the foot of one of the figures. The artist admitted the justice of the criticism, and corrected the error. The cobbler, with boorish assumption, then began to criticise other parts of the picture, and exposed his ignorance, which called from the artist the rebuke which has become a proverb: "Let not the shoemaker judge above the last," or "Stick to your last."

One of the masterpieces of ancient art was a painting by Protogenes, known as "Ialysus." It was in existence in the time of Cicero, but having been removed to Rome, it perished in a great fire. It was of this celebrated picture the story was told that the artist was unable to represent foam at the mouth of the dog which figures in the picture. Discouraged, he threw the sponge, wet with white paint, at the mouth of the dog, and, behold, there was the foam! An accident had rendered an effect which the painter's skill had failed to accomplish.

One of his last and most famous pictures represented a Satyr leaning against a pillar. On the pillar the artist painted a partridge, which was so real and lifelike that it attracted attention away from the Satyr, the principal figure in the picture, and the people who came to see it spoke only of that wonderful partridge, whereupon Protogenes took his sponge and wiped out the partridge. An anecdote not unlike this is told of an artist who painted a picture of the Last Supper. In the hand of the Savior the artist had placed the cup, but it was so beautifully painted that every spectator looked at it and admired it, without be-

ing able to see the other and greater merits of the picture. Grieved that he should have displayed more skill on this cup than on the form and face of his blessed Lord, the devout painter obliterated the cup, that the people might see Jesus only.

Michael Angelo was taking great pains with a certain statue, and consumed much time in developing his ideal. A friend, who could not appreciate the wonderful patience of the sculptor, imagined, after several visits to his studio, that Angelo had been idle, and had done nothing on the statue since last he saw it. But when the artist pointed out here and there what changes had been made and what he had done, the critic said: "Yes, yes, but these are only trifles." "True," said the sculptor, "but remember that trifles make perfection, and perfection is not a trifle."

Michael Angelo was generous of his praises whenever the work of other artists truly merited them, but he was intolerant of all sham and pretense. He said of Ghiberti's bronze doors in Florence: "They are worthy to be the gates of Paradise." When he was asked to give his opinion of Donatello's statue of St.

Mark, he said: "If St. Mark looked thus, we may safely believe what he has written." Of Brunelleschi's dome, he said, in making plans for the dome of St. Peter's: "I can construct a different, but not a better dome." He greatly admired Titian's coloring, and declared that if the Venetian had as perfect a knowledge of drawing as of coloring, no painter could surpass him. But he would often express himself in a different vein. When he was shown a picture in which the artist had painted an ox with greater care and fidelity than any other figure on the canvas, some one asked him why the artist had made that particular animal more lifelike than any other part. Angelo replied: "Every painter draws himself well."

Men who, on account of official or ecclesiastical position, affected superiority, were often made to appear very foolish by this artist's words or actions. When he had finished the statue of David, sculptured from a long-neglected block of marble, and had it set up, Soderini, the governor of Florence, came to see it. He admired the statue greatly, but had to offer the criticism that the nose was a little too short. The sculptor wished to keep on good

terms with his distinguished official patron, so he mounted the scaffold with some marble dust in his hand, which he had caught up from the floor when the smart governor was not looking, and went to tapping the face gently with the chisel, letting the marble-dust fall on the cloak of Soderini. Then he cried out: "Look at it now." "Ah, that is better. You have given it life." Doubtless Angelo chuckled over the joke he had played on the wiseacre, who knew more of politics than of art.

Pope Julius received a rebuke from Michael Angelo when the artist was frescoing the Sistine Chapel. The painter had not arrayed the figures of the old Bible worthies in sufficiently splendid robes to please the people, who demanded rich and striking colors. The Pope said to Angelo, again and again: "Let the chapel be enriched with bright colors and gold: it looks poor." The devout artist replied: "Holy Father, the men of those days did not adorn themselves with gold; those who are painted here less than any, for they were none too rich; besides which they were holy men, and must have despised riches and ornaments."

The well-known egg story told of Columbus, was related long before of the Florentine architect, Brunelleschi. When he was competing with others for the commission to build the dome of the great cathedral at Florence, his rivals urged him to exhibit his plans. He answered them by putting an egg down on the table, and challenging any one of them to make it stand on end. They all tried, but failed. Then he struck it, broke the end, and there it stood, hinting as to how easy it would be for any one of his rivals to make his dome stand on the cathedral after he had exhibited his model, and taught them how to do it.

Opie once told an inquisitive artist "how to do it." He had just finished a portrait of rich and glowing color when a fellow-artist came into his studio, admired the work, and asked: "With what do you mix your paints?" "With brains, sir," was Opie's reply.

There was a fresco still in existence which was one of Titian's first attempts. It is a Madonna which Titian is said to have colored with the juices of flowers. This sweet story is in marked contrast to another related of his master, Gentile Bellini. It is related that when

he was in Constantinople, he painted a picture representing the beheading of John. He presented it to the Sultan. The Sultan was able to criticise one part of the picture as justly as the old cobbler criticised the boot in the picture of Apelles. He objected to the appearance of the neck of the Martyr from which the head had been cut, and to prove that he knew what he was talking about, he had a slave's head cut off before the eyes of Bellini. It scared the artist out of Constantinople.

Another artist saved his own head by charming a cruel Moor with the products of his skill. Filippo Lippi was once captured by a band of Moors, and carried away into Barbary, where he was held a prisoner for many months. He had frequent opportunities to see his Moorish master, and finally determined that he would draw his portrait. He took a burnt stick from the fire, and drew a full-length portrait on the white wall. His captor heard of it, and was so astonished when he came to see it, that he set the captive at liberty.

Good judges differ as to which of all his paintings is Raphael's masterpiece. One will choose "The Transfiguration," at Rome; an-

other "St. Cecilia," at Bologna; another "The Sistine Madonna," at Dresden; and still another "The Madonna of the Chair," at Florence. The last-named picture is the gem of the Pitti Palace gallery, and, though a small picture, round in shape, or by its framing made to appear like a picture painted on a round panel, it is certainly one of the finest achievements of human art, and by engravings it has been made one of the most familiar and popular of Raphael's pictures. As the traveler may see any day, it is always surrounded by artists who think it part of their education to copy what Hawthorne called, "the most beautiful picture in the world." There is a tradition that, as Raphael sauntered down the street, he came upon a woman who was holding two children in her lap. The costumes and poses of mother and babes were so picturesque and graceful, and, at the same time, so noble and dignified, that the artist stopped and sketched the group on the head of a barrel. If the picture is not round, it is framed with a round mat, which makes it appear to substantiate the tradition that it was painted on the head of a wine-cask.

A very beautiful incident is related in connection with the purchase and transference of the "Sistine Madonna" to Dresden. It was first displayed in the castle in the presence of the king. It was brought into the throne-room, but the most favorable spot in the room was occupied by the throne itself. The king, taking in the situation, pushed the throne to one side, saying: "Make room for the immortal Raphael." What a tribute to art!

Henry VIII held Hans Holbein in great esteem. When a noble lord, whom the painter had thrown out of his studio for intruding, came to the king to complain of the indignity, and demand the artist's punishment, Henry cried with much warmth: "You have not to do with Hans, but with me. Of seven peasants I can make seven lords, but I can not make one Hans Holbein, even out of seven lords."

Napoleon once sat to the foremost artist of his empire for his portrait. When it was finished, the emperor looked upon it with displeasure; it was so realistic that it revealed the man with all his cruelty, sensuality, and ambition in every feature. "Why did you paint me as I am?" he cried; "do you suppose Apelles

painted Alexander the Great as he was?" How different the feeling of sturdy Oliver Cromwell! When he sat to Sir Peter Lely he growled: "Use all your skill to paint my picture truly like me, and not flatter me at all; but remark all these roughnesses, pimples, warts, and everything as you see me; otherwise I never will pay one farthing for it." Sir Thomas Lawrence attempted to paint the portrait of Curran, the eloquent Irishman, but he found no inspiration in his face, which revealed very little of the inner power and genius of the great orator. Finally, the artist succeeded in calling him out in impassioned discourse on Ireland; his countenance lighted up, his eyes glowed with the fires of passion, his lips quivered with the music of his eloquence; he became handsome, noble—a picture. Lawrence caught it all, saying: "I never saw you till now, you have sat to me in a mask; do give me a sitting of Curran the orator." This portrait is one of the most successful that Lawrence ever painted.

Hogarth had a fashion of bringing his patrons to terms when their unreasonable faultfinding bothered him. This artist could pro-

duce a very good likeness, whatever his limitations in other directions may have been. He painted the portrait of a very homely and somewhat deformed nobleman, and secured a most remarkable likeness. The lord thought the artist should have flattered him, and painted the portrait of a handsome man, instead of his ugly, deformed self, so he refused to take the picture, or to pay for it. The nettled painter gave the nobleman just three days' time to pay for the picture, threatening, if he did not come to terms, to add a tail to the portrait, and sell it to one Hare, the wild-beast man. The nobleman took his picture and paid for it, but afterwards destroyed it.

Even great painters are not always appreciated by their neighbors, nor are they always the most agreeable to their neighbors. Sir Godfrey Kneller was one of the most accomplished portrait-painters of his day, but had a bad temper and a rough wit. He had for neighbor the distinguished physician Radcliffe, a man of equally bitter temper and caustic wit. The Doctor's servants made use of a private gate to Kneller's flower-garden, and helped themselves to the roses. The painter

sent word that he must close up the gate. Radcliffe replied with temper: "Tell him he may do anything with it but *paint* it." The painter replied: "Never mind what the Doctor says. I can take anything from him—but *physic*."

When Sir Joshua Reynolds painted the portrait of Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse, he signed his name on the border of her robe. It seemed to please the great actress, and Sir Joshua was flatterer enough to say: "I could not lose this opportunity of sending my name to posterity on the hem of your garment."

Reynolds and Alexander Pope were in an auction-room one day where pictures were on sale. When the poet entered, the whisper went around, Pope! Pope! As the little, sickly, dried-up poet passed along, room was made for him, and many a hand was outstretched to touch the great man. Reynolds always enjoyed boasting that he had touched the hand of Pope. After the painter had risen to distinction, his name had as much charm for other ears as Pope's had for his. Northcote, when quite a young man, and as yet unknown to fame, saw Reynolds at a great pub-

lic gathering. "I got as near him as I could," says Northcote, "to touch the skirt of his coat, which I did with great satisfaction to my mind." Perhaps some youth touched Northcote's hand or coat with equal satisfaction, so natural is it for those who can appreciate greatness to desire to see and come in contact with men of fame and genius.

The last lines which Oliver Goldsmith ever wrote were a pen-portrait of his beloved friend, Sir Joshua. In "Retaliation," he writes a series of epitaphs for the tombs of his friends, in which he draws their characters with great wit. Reynolds was deaf, and used an ear-trumpet. This is the epitaph for the tomb of the great painter:

"Here Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind;
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart:
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
When they judged without skill, he was still hard of hearing;
When they talked of their Raphael, Correggios, and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff."

While writing this poem, which he never finished, "Poor Goldy" was taken with a fever, and soon died. Many an author, critic, novelist, poet, has paid lasting tribute to the genius and work of the artist,—as Lessing in "Laocoön;" Hawthorne, in the "Marble Faun;" George Eliot in "Romola;" Du Fresnoy in "The Art of Painting;" Browning in "Fra Filippo Lippi;" Michael Angelo in his sonnets. The poets and artists have ever been kindred spirits in the world of the beautiful. Not only did Goldsmith find Reynolds a friend to help in time of need, but many another genius had reason to be grateful for the sympathy of the first president of the Royal Academy.

Reynolds and Samuel Johnson were very intimate friends, and the prosperity of the former enabled him to often render a very willing kindness to the man of letters, who did not find the pen to be financially as mighty as the brush. When Johnson was on his death-bed his parting with his friend Sir Joshua was noble and touching. "I have three requests to make," said the dying man, "and I beg you will attend to them, Sir Joshua. Forgive me thirty pounds which I borrowed from you,

read the Scriptures, and abstain from using your pencil on the Sabbath-day." The biographer says: "Reynolds promised, and, what is better, remembered his promise."

It is well-known that there are many portraits of Sir Walter Scott. Nearly every painter of his time sought the honor of delineating the features of the author of "Waverley." Northcote, who was often a little sharp in his own wit, once called forth a flash of good-natured wit from the great Scotchman. As the novelist was enduring a sitting to the artist, Northcote ventured the remark, "You have often sat for your portrait?" "Yes," said Scott, "my dog Maida and I have sat frequently—so often, that Maida, who had little philosophy, conceived such a dislike to painters, that whenever she saw a man take out a pencil and paper and look at her, she set up a howl, and ran off to the Eildon Hill. Her unfortunate master, however well he can howl, was never able to run much; he was, therefore, obliged to abide the event. Yes, I have frequently sat for my picture."

The seriousness and devotion with which many a painter has gone to his work, is as im-

pressive as the spirit with which Handel composed the "Messiah," and Milton wrote "Paradise Lost." A French author has said of Fra Angelico, "The light of his studio came from Paradise." He always kneeled to pray before he took up his brush to paint, and whenever he painted the figure of the Christ his eyes wept tears, and kneeling, he worked on the picture as though he were at his devotions. In that spirit, with the devotion of a Dante or Savonarola, Michael Angelo erected those forms of art which immortalize his name, and glorify religion. Nor have modern times been lacking in devotion and seriousness on the part of great artists. Millet was as devout a soul as Angelico. Semier records that one evening, as the "Angelus" was ringing, the great painter was returning from the big world to the village of his boyhood. He entered the little church, and there at the altar was the old priest who taught him when a child. When the priest rose from his devotions, Millet advanced and touched his shoulder, saying, "François." "Ah, it is you, dear child, little François?" said the priest, as he embraced and kissed the great artist. "You used to love Vir-

gil." "I love him still," said Millet. "And the Bible, François, have you forgotten it? And the Psalms, do you ever read them?" "They are my breviary," said Millet. "I get from them all that I do." What a noble confession, and what a tribute to the genius and inspiring influence of the Bible! There was great seriousness about the artistic work of Rousseau. A finer thing has rarely come from human lips than his idea of devotion and consecration of time and power to the achievement of one great thing. When a friend said, with some warmth: "But, Rousseau! by your argument an artist would waste his whole life on one picture." "Very well, yes," was his reply. "A man should be bold enough, faithful enough, rich enough, to produce only one prodigious work; so that his work should be a masterpiece, to give the man glory in its creation. If I were granted the fulfillment of one wish, the wish would be to be a millionaire, for nothing but for the bringing forth of one sole unique picture; to devote myself to it, to take all my delight in it, to suffer for it, to enjoy it, until, content with my work, after years of trial, I should be able to sign it, and say,

'There my powers end, and there my heart stops beating!' The rest of my life should be passed in making drawings, in painting for amusement studies which I would throw like flowers at the feet of the work with which I should be *satisfied.*"

Bartol tells us, "There is a sketch by William Morris Hunt, of a church in the evening dusk, with a crescent moon going down in the sky. Underneath are his initials and these lines expressing, doubtless, his feelings, whether from another's pencil, or his own:

'Beyond a spire the moon:
Beyond the moon a star:
Beyond the star, what?
Eternity.'"

When Apelles, the Greek artist, was asked, "Why do you paint with so much care?" he replied, "Because I paint for eternity." Has not all true, great art an eternal ministry?

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